Vol. XXXI. No. 121 *March 1942*

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

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Editorial ... 25

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AUDITORS :
KEAN & CO., Chartered Accountants, 30 Westmoreland Street.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF
THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on Monday, the 26th day of January, 1942.

The Directors submit to the Shareholders the annexed Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1941, with relative Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year to that date, and a copy of the Auditors' Report thereon.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to	£30,210	6	6
To which has to be added :—			
Balance of undivided profits from last Account ...	27,340	14	2
	£57,551	0	8
The Directors recommend that the balance available be applied as follows, viz. :—			
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of **Eleven** per cent. per annum, subject to deduction of Income Tax	£27,500	0	0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account ...	2,500	0	0
To next Account	27,551	0	8
	£57,551	0	8

The Reserve Fund remains at £740,000.

By Order of the Board,

GEORGE ROCHE,
General Manager

DUBLIN 13th January, 1942.

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

INCORPORATED IN IRELAND.

Dr. **BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1941.** Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
To Capital, viz.:—500,000 Shares of £4 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £1 per Share	500,000 0 0	By Cash in hand and with Bankers ..	1,934,891 6 2
,, Reserve Fund	740,000 0 0	,, Investments, viz.:—	
,, Consolidated Bank Notes outstanding ...£550,000 0 0		War Loan, National Loans, and other Government Stocks, (including Stock lodged with the Currency Commission by way of Security for Consolidated Bank Notes outstanding, as per Contra)	5,844,731 19 3
Less: Held by the Bank ... 30,896 0 0		Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks, and other Securities	168,136 0 2
	519,104 0 0		£7,947,759 5 7
,, Deposit, Current, and other Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits	11,877,847 12 4	,, Bills Discounted, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc., after deducting provision for Bad and Doubtful Accounts ...	5,600,977 18 9
,, Profit and Loss Account ...	57,551 0 8	,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 56 Branches), at cost, less amounts written off	145,765 8 8
	£13,694,502 13 0		£13,694,502 13 0

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ended 31st DECEMBER, 1941.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Dividend to be paid in February, 1942, subject to deduction of Income Tax ... £ s. d. 27,500 0 0		By Balance from last Account ...	27,340 14 2
,, Bank Premises Account ... 2,500 0 0		,, Net Profit for Half-year after payment of Expenses of Management including Directors' Fees (£2,000) and providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Revenue Taxes, Contingencies, and all other outlay	30,210 6 6
,, Balance to next Acct. 27,551 0 8			
	57,551 0 8		
	£57,551 0 8		£57,551 0 8

AUDITORS' REPORT

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required in the course of our examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

We have verified the Investments. Their market value as on 31st December, 1941, is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Balance Sheet. We have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

KEAN & COMPANY, Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

DUBLIN, 13th January, 1942.

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STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

MARCH 1942

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THE IRISH CENTRAL BANK BILL

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

THE Bill to establish a Central Bank in Eire is based upon the Majority Report of the Banking Commission published in 1938. In spite of the fact that all the recommendations of the Commission are not adopted and that part of the Bill is not based on the Report, the Bill, in the main, is an attempt to translate into practice the proposals of the Commission. In order, therefore, that the nature of the changes in the Irish banking system which will result from the establishment of the Central Bank may be fully understood, it is necessary to relate the provisions of the Bill to the Report of the Commission. It is necessary, in particular, to understand precisely what benefits the Commission hoped to secure by its proposal that a Central Bank should be established. This proposal is the Commission's outstanding recommendation, to which all its other recommendations are subordinate and ancillary, and to which the whole elaborate historical and statistical study of the Irish economic system serves as an introduction.

The first question which the Commission had to consider was whether any change in the existing standard of value was desirable. Under the Currency Act of 1927 the Irish pound was tied to the pound sterling at a fixed parity. Several suggestions were made in favour of altering this arrangement, by linking the Irish pound to some monetary standard other than the pound sterling, by varying the existing parity with sterling or by introducing a flexible instead of a fixed parity. All these suggestions were rejected by the Majority Report of the Commission, which recommended that " the existing parity with sterling should be maintained." [1] The principal duty of a Central Bank is to translate into practice the declared objective of monetary policy. That objective has been declared,

[1] Banking Commission, Majority Report, par. 211.

explicitly in the Currency Act of 1927 and in the Majority Report of the Banking Commission and implicitly in the new Bill, to be the maintenance of the existing parity with sterling, and the problems connected with the foundation of the Central Bank are concerned not with the desirability of that objective but with its successful attainment. The Report of the Banking Commission must be read in the light of this distinction between the ends and the means of monetary policy.

Assuming that the objective of monetary policy is the maintenance of the parity with sterling, the attainment of that objective requires that certain principles be observed, not only in the monetary field but in the sphere of general economic and financial policy. The saying that " the gold standard game must be played according to the rules " is a pithy statement of the fact that the external value of a currency cannot be arbitrarily determined without regard to its internal purchasing power. The principal rule of the gold standard game is that movements of gold must be allowed to produce their natural results on the structure of credit, incomes and prices. If an increased flow of gold be sterilized by not being allowed to enter the monetary system, an unnatural and unhealthy flow of gold in one direction may persist uncorrected. If, on the other hand, an outward movement be not checked by appropriate Central Banking action, a serious disequilibrium may develop, leading ultimately to a currency depreciation. The successful operation of a sterling exchange standard requires the observance of similar rules. In this case the place of gold is taken by sterling, and changes in the sterling reserves are equivalent to imports and exports of gold. The fact that such changes can occur silently and almost secretly often obscures their significance, and a drain on accumulated reserves may be suffered to pass unnoticed until it becomes dangerous if not fatal. This point is put strongly in the Report. " The technical convertibility by the Currency Commission of the notes actually outstanding, though valuable as far as it goes, provides no assurance, from a more general viewpoint, of ability to maintain indefinitely the link with sterling and may actually obscure the existence of an

underlying disequilibrium, especially as a loss of sterling resources may never attract so much public attention as a loss of gold would do . . . . The very existence of large foreign assets would permit for some time the maintenance of an unbalanced position." [1] In regard to the Irish balance of payments two questions must be asked : firstly, whether such an unbalanced position as would jeopardize the maintenance of the link with sterling is likely to develop ; and secondly, assuming the existence of such a tendency, how far it could be corrected by the action of a Central Bank.

The Commission answered the first of these questions in the affirmative. " The forces which we have reviewed indicate in our opinion a tendency to spending in the domestic market uncompensated by increased exports, so as to cause a strain on the balance of payments." [2] The disquieting symptom observed by the Commission was a depletion of the sterling balances. This symptom was indicative of a deficiency in the balance of payments, which in its turn was the result of rising costs and unbalanced budgets. The depletion of sterling balances was caused by the sale of external securities, partly to finance the new investment following on the protective policy of the Government and partly to meet the needs of current consumption.[3] In the last couple of years this tendency has been reversed and the country's external reserves have been increased. This reversal of the trend noted by the Commission must be regarded as purely temporary, caused by the abnormal war conditions, and a renewal of the pre-war trend may be expected in the post-war years. The Commission expressed itself as " somewhat concerned " with this tendency, especially in view of the wasting and temporary character of some of the country's invisible exports.[4] The possibility of maintaining or of increasing the volume of visible exports depends upon preventing costs of production from rising, and, here, the Commission found no ground for satisfaction. Costs of production in agriculture and in manufacturing industry had risen as a result of the policy pursued in relation to protection and the social services, while the cost of living had

[1] pars. 188, 230. [2] par. 230. [3] pars. 132, 137. [4] par. 188.

also risen.[1] At the same time, "there has been a marked deterioration in recent years in the state of the public finances."[2] Budgets had been balanced by a combination of high taxation and optimistic accountancy, and deadweight debt had been rapidly increased. The result of the industrial, social and financial policies of recent years had been an unforeseen and unintentional rise in costs and prices which had injured the capacity to export. Many decisions, with indirect effects on the monetary position and the balance of payments, had been taken without due regard to all their possible repercussions. "More attention ought to be paid to the monetary repercussions of all the measures taken affecting the level of costs and prices."[3]

The course of the Commission's argument may be briefly summarized. The retention of the existing link with sterling is the declared objective of monetary policy. The attainment of this objective involves the maintenance of equilibrium in the balance of payments. This involves in turn maintaining or increasing the volume of exports. Invisible exports may be expected to diminish, and the capacity to increase visible exports is related to the level of costs and prices. Costs and prices have shown a tendency to rise and this tendency must be corrected. If this were the result of an undue expansion of private borrowing, it could be corrected by appropriate measures relating to the volume and the price of credit. But it is expressly stated by the Commission that no such expansion exists. "So far as the supply of credit to private exterprise is concerned, there has been no evidence of any undue extension by the banks of private credit on too easy conditions. There is very little reason to believe that in present conditions the application of any credit measure designed to restrict the accommodation given by banks to private borrowers would materially assist in checking an upward trend in the cost and price level."[4] Public policy rather than private credit expansion has caused this upward trend, and changes in public policy are necessary if the trend is to be arrested or reversed. It is public policy rather than private borrowing that must

[1] pars. 88. 103, 106, 181. [2] par. 173. [3] par. 187. [4] par. 183.

be influenced by any Central Bank that is established in Ireland.

The chapter of the Report of the Commission in which the establishment of a Central Bank is recommended clearly reflects the foregoing argument. The first recommendation is that the Central Bank should have power " to examine all policy with more regard to its possible monetary and financial repercussions."[1] " It has become a recognized function of modern Central Banks to tender advice to Governments in such matters and the Commission is of opinion that some similar arrangements should be made in Ireland."[2] In order that such advice should be of the greatest possible value it must be based on the fullest information. Consequently the Commission recommend that " a special research department of the monetary authority should be established to carry out extensive studies of economic and financial data, and that arrangements should be made for publishing results of such investigations as are of general interest."[3] In view of the importance of keeping in touch with international monetary developments " the monetary authority should use all opportunities for direct and confidential contact with the monetary authorities of other countries."[4] The powers of the Currency Commission should be widened to include these three functions : consultation with the Government, statistical research, and international monetary co-operation.[5]

In addition to these consultative and advisory powers, which the Banking Commission place first in order of importance, the proposed Central Bank should be endowed with additional powers of a more definitely monetary nature. It should be empowered to rediscount at published minimum rates certain defined types of commercial and agricultural bills (excluding Treasury bills), to make advances against collateral of Government securities to other credit institutions, to buy and sell gilt-edged securities other than domestic Government securities issued less than two years, and to receive non-interest bearing deposits from public authorities

[1] par. 356. [2] par. 364. [3] par. 366. [4] par. 367. [5] par. 375.

and credit institutions.[1] These additional powers would not, in the opinion of the Banking Commission, be utilized except in abnormal circumstances. The new power of issuing currency against domestic assets would not reduce the sterling backing of such currency, as reserves of sterling would be accumulated sufficient to provide a full sterling cover for all notes so issued. The resources of the General Fund of the Central Bank should be augmented by the acquisition of the token coin reserve and of the assets of the Note Reserve Fund of the Currency Commission.[2] Finally it was recommended that "the name of the Currency Commission should be suitably altered to indicate that the monetary authority envisaged in these recommendations is a central banking organization,"[3] and that the number of members of the new monetary authority nominated by the Minister for Finance should be raised from three to four.[4] It is obvious from the whole order and emphasis of these recommendations that the Banking Commission regarded the banking functions of the proposed Central Bank as less urgent and less important than its consultative and advisory functions.

The Central Bank Bill provides that the Currency Commission shall be dissolved and that "there shall be established a body to be called and known as the Central Bank of Ireland." The functions of the Central Bank are general and particular. The general function and duty of the Bank are "taking such steps as the Board may deem appropriate and advisable towards safeguarding the integrity of the currency and ensuring that, in what pertains to the control of credit, the constant and predominant aim shall be the welfare of the people as a whole." The last phrase is taken from the Irish Constitution. The specific powers are additional to the existing functions of the Currency Commission, such as the issue of legal tender notes, which will be taken over by the Bank. These new powers, which are set out in Section 7 of the Bill, include:—

(1) the receiving of non-interest-bearing deposits from commercial banks and the settlement of clearance balances between these banks;

[1] pars. 377–9. [2] par. 380. [3] par. 381. [4] par. 382.

(2) the re-discounting of bills of exchange and the making of advances to banks against such bills or against Government securities;

(3) the fixing and publication of rates of interest for re-discounting bills and making advances;

(4) the buying and selling of Government securities.

These functions of the Central Bank are based, almost literally, on the recommendations of the Banking Commission, which expressed the opinion that, although they are desirable, they should be used only in exceptional and abnormal circumstances. While the banks possess sterling assets in anything approximating to their present abundance they will not resort to the more expensive method of obtaining Irish cash provided by the section. It is possible, however, to imagine an emergency in which the normal processes of obtaining sterling would operate tardily, and in such circumstances the provisions of the section would prove very useful. The necessity for some such machinery for expanding the supply of currency against other assets than those now eligible is enhanced by the abolition of the powers of making extraordinary issues of Consolidated Bank Notes. The provisions of the section will, in certain circumstances, do some good, while they cannot do any harm. The statement in the Explanatory Note issued with the Bill that the Bank, by the use of these powers, "will be able to influence credit conditions and interest rates" explains the object of this part of the Bill.

The capital of the Central Bank is, in spite of the recommendation of the Banking Commission to the contrary,[1] to be subscribed by the Minister for Finance. The existing Shareholding Banks who have contributed the capital of the Currency Commission will be repaid their contributions and will be known as the Associated Banks. So far as ownership is concerned the Central Bank will be a State institution, but considerable independence of the Government is secured by the composition of the Board of Directors. The Governor is to be appointed

[1] par. 382.

by the President on the advice of the Government and shall hold office for seven years. There may be eight directors. Three of these, the banking directors, shall be appointed by the Minister for Finance from a panel prepared by the Associated Banks. The other directors, whose number is not to exceed five and must not include more than two civil servants, shall be appointed by the Minister. The directors, other than the civil servants who hold office at the Minister's pleasure, shall hold office for five years and shall retire in rotation. The Governor and the non-banking directors are forbidden to hold shares in any bank with Irish interests. Although the Central Bank will be nominally independent of the Government of the day, its independence will not be so great as that of the Currency Commission. The appointment of the Governor by the President rather than by the Board is unobjectionable in view of the importance of the position. Even if the Board were to have the right to nominate the Governor in the first instance, the Government would have to reserve to itself the right of ratifying or rejecting the nomination. The addition to the Board of a second civil servant appears unnecessary. The appointment of public servants on the Boards of Central Banks is generally held in disapproval. Occasionally public servants are permitted to sit but not to vote. If one of the civil servants were to represent a Department other than the Department of Finance, duplicate channels of communication between the Board and members of the Government might be opened up and the authority of the Governor of the Bank diminished. The addition of a fifth non-banking member was not recommended by the Banking Commission, and it is difficult to see its necessity or its justification. The balance of power in the Board has been tilted against the banking members, who, by reason of their experience, might reasonably be regarded as the most valuable members of the Board. A large Board compares unfavourably with a small one. Responsibility is more diffused, expenses are increased, and the power of the Chairman's casting vote is reduced. The degree of independence which the Central Bank will enjoy will be less than that of the Currency Commission

and less than that considered desirable by the Banking Commission.

Effect is given to many of the minor recommendations of the Banking Commission. The Consolidated Bank Note issue is to be extinguished within a period of twelve years. A charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum is to be paid to the Central Bank on notes outstanding, the existing stamp duty being repealed. There is a provision regarding the payment to the Government of part of the profits accruing from writing off the so-called " dead " notes, which are old notes estimated as unlikely to be presented for payment. All " bankers," as defined in the Bill, are required to make in the High Court a deposit of double the amount recommended by the Banking Commission, and debts by the bank may be ordered to be paid out of these deposits. No person is to carry on a banking business unless he holds an annual licence issued by the Revenue Commissioners, for which a fee may be charged. The Minister for Finance shall have power to make regulations regarding the form and time of publication of the balance sheets of the licensed banks. The Central Bank is empowered to obtain information as to hire purchase businesses. The General Fund of the Central Bank is to be reinforced by obtaining the greater part of the assets of the existing Note Reserve Fund and the proceeds of the issue of token coins, which are to be used to build up a fund known as the currency reserve.

Most of the provisions of the Bill that have been mentioned are based on the recommendations of the Banking Commission. In certain respects, however, the Bill diverges considerably from the Commission's Report. There is no attempt to secure the constant consultation with the Government and the extensive economic and financial research to which the Commission attached such weight. Too much significance should not be placed on this omission, since these are functions which can be developed without express statutory authority. Indeed, the Commission stated that " it is not sufficient to adopt a statutory obligation for consultation ; a tradition of regular consultation should be developed, and, on

the basis of experience gained, the most suitable forms of consultation must be gradually evolved." [1] More important is the inclusion of the following section, which would certainly not have been approved by the signatories of the Majority Report :—

45.—(1) If at any time it should appear to the Board, with the concurrence of the Minister, that it is expedient so to do, it shall be lawful for the Board to make, with the consent of the Minister, regulations requiring every licensed banker to make with the Bank a deposit (not bearing interest) of a specified amount or calculated in a specified manner whenever after a specified date the assets held by him within the State fall below a specified proportion in relation to his liabilities within the State, and to maintain such deposit so long as such assets are below the said specified proportion.

(2) Regulations made under this section may prescribe different requirements in respect of different licensed bankers.

(3) If and whenever regulations made by the Board under this section are in force, it shall be the duty of every licensed banker to comply with such of those regulations as are applicable to him, and if any licensed banker fails (whether by act or omission) so to do, he shall be guilty of an offence under this section and shall be liable on summary conviction thereof to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds for every day during which such failure is continued.

The powers of interference with the banking system contained in this section require an extremely strong justification. The first effect on the banks of any order made under the section would be greatly to interfere with their liberty to distribute their assets in such a form as to combine the maximum of liquidity with the maximum of profit. Such a distribution of assets, which is the test of successful banking, is the result of long experience such as nobody outside the banking system is in a position to acquire. The distribution of assets requires a constant adjustment in the light of changing circumstances from day to day. The ratio of assets in different areas depends upon the results of trading and lending over which the banks themselves have very little control. The carrying out of a legal regulation of the kind prescribed by the section might prove almost impossibly difficult if external

[1] par. 364.

assets were suddenly to accumulate as a result of changes in the balance of payments. Moreover, the different banks, owing to the differences in the nature of their business, require a different distribution of their assets. Any regulation of the kind prescribed would involve constant inquisition into the internal affairs of every Irish bank, which would be very objectionable to the bank officials and to their customers. If the banking members of the Board of the Central Bank were to take part in such inquiries, the private affairs of each bank would be laid bare to the knowledge of its competitors. If, on the other hand, for this reason the banking members were excluded from such inquiries, the Board would be deprived of the advice of the only members possessing first-hand knowledge of banking. The access of the Irish banks to the London Money Market greatly facilitates a suitable distribution of their assets, and to restrict their access to this market would hamper their operations considerably. At the present time the banks do not ear-mark any part of their assets as cover for any part of their liabilities. All the liabilities of the banks are covered by all the assets. To introduce an artificial dichotomy would reduce the grave feeling of responsibility which the banks at present hold for maintaining constant liquidity and solvency. Indeed a regulation of the nature in contemplation would almost seem to demand some sort of public guarantee of bankers' deposits such as exists at the present time in the United States. Any interference by the Central Bank with the discretion of the banks would weaken the confidence of the Irish public in the administration of the banking system. The present geographical spreading of assets has the effect of spreading risks, and the experience of American banking proves that a narrow geographical distribution of assets is a very dangerous factor in times of difficulty. As a general rule when the Government interferes with the geographical distribution of banking assets, it is to ensure that a certain minimum of external assets must be held. The present section is in defiance of all precedent in that it prescribes a minimum of domestic assets to be obtained by a sacrifice of external securities. If there were any signs that the banks

were reducing their domestic assets, there might be some justification for conferring power on the Central Bank to curb such a movement. In fact, however, the movement, in the years before the war, was strongly in the other direction. If Government bills and Government deposits be excluded, the percentage of the banks' domestic assets to their domestic liabilities rose from 43·68 in 1932 to 53·01 in 1939. Such a trend is hardly in need of extraneous acceleration.

Any order under section 45 would have the effect of reducing the profit-earning capacity of the banks. To force the banks to hold a non-interest bearing deposit in the Central Bank is in flat contradiction to the recommendation of the Banking Commission.[1] The effect of such an order would be to force the banks to seek for profitable Irish assets in order to bring up their ratio to the minimum prescribed. It is unlikely that they could increase the demand for private loans, which is at all times fully met by the banking system. Even if such an expansion of the demand for credit were possible, its desirability would be questionable. The experiences of the period around 1920 are a warning of the dangers that may attend the artificial stimulation of credit. The market in Irish gilt-edged securities is not sufficiently free to allow the banks to acquire large quantities of such securities without raising their price and arbitrarily interfering with the whole structure of interest rates in the Irish market. The profitable employment of the Irish assets would probably take the form of extending new accommodation to public authorities. If this be the object of the section, as it will probably be its result, the following comments may be made. In the first place the Irish banks have underwritten many public issues of the Government since the Treaty and have at no time refused their assistance to any public issue. Indeed in the opinion of the Banking Commission they have been unduly complaisant in facilitating Government borrowing. In the second place it is undesirable that the banks should themselves lend to the Government. Such lending can easily generate an inflationary sequence with consequences very deleterious to the

[1] par. 363.

currency and credit situation. Hence it appears that the operation of the section would force the banks into the dilemma of holding unprofitable assets or participating in unsound financial practices. Assuming that the former alternative was regarded as the lesser evil, the result would be either an increase in their charges to their customers, a less favourable rate on deposits, or increased bank charges. In other words, the Irish public would be saddled with an increased price for credit. This, together with the possible lack of confidence in the banks to which reference already has been made, might easily result in a withdrawal of deposits.

It remains to be discussed how far the evils to which section 45 might give rise could be justified by countervailing benefits to the public. Possibly the section will be defended on the ground that it increases the degree of national credit control. This, however, is certainly not the case. Any control that could accrue under the section would be in the direction of an expansion rather than a restriction of credit. It is a commonplace of banking to-day that it is impossible to force an expansion of credit on unwilling private borrowers. In other words, the banking system has no method of influencing the demand for loans and the mere accumulation of a volume of Irish assets would do nothing to increase the volume of Irish borrowing. It is possible for a banking system to restrict the volume of credit. The machinery of the section, however, could not be operated for this purpose, assuming that such a step were desirable. The Report of the Banking Commission has clearly demonstrated that there has been no undue expansion of private borrowing in Ireland. On the other hand, the Report emphatically expressed the opinion that public borrowing had been unduly extended. For the reasons which have been explained above the section would facilitate rather than restrain further borrowing by the public authorities. To describe the machinery which could operate only in one direction and only in favour of one class of borrower as credit control is a misuse of language. Assuming that the control of credit is the object of the section it would have been reasonable to expect that some guidance would have been given to

the Central Bank regarding how such control should be effected. The section as it stands at present is extraordinarily vague and lays down no guiding principles whatsoever to assist the Central Bank in carrying out what would be at best a very delicate operation. Nor could the Central Bank look for enlightenment in this matter to the experience of other institutions elsewhere for the simple reason that no provision at all resembling the section is to be found in the statutes of any other Central Bank in the world. In this respect at least the Irish Central Bank will be unique.

In the Explanatory Note issued with the Bill, section 45 is defended on the ground that it will encourage the repatriation of external assets. The mere operation of the section would, however, have no effect on the amount of Irish capital held abroad. The Banks, in order to obtain the Irish funds to be deposited in the Central Bank, would normally surrender an equivalent amount of sterling to the Central Bank, and the only immediate effect of an order under the section would be to redistribute the sterling assets between the banks and the Central Bank. As the Central Bank would have to keep its assets in a highly liquid form, the sterling would earn less for the country in its new ownership than in its old. The mere redistribution of the banks' assets between domestic and external assets does nothing in itself to repatriate Irish capital, which can be effected only if actual capital investment in Ireland is stimulated. Whether such repatriation is desirable is fully discussed in the Report of the Banking Commission. Assuming that such a repatriation is considered a desirable objective of national policy, the method by which to effect it is certainly not by means of this section. The only means by which an order under section 45 could effect such a repatriation would be if the banks' new Irish funds were issued to provide loans to Irish manufacturers for the importation of capital assets. Such loans would, however, be in their very nature long loans, and it is against the whole tradition of Irish banking for the banks to provide long loans for the capitalization of industry. The experience of other countries teaches the lesson that the provision of such loans involves a

dangerous participation in the fortunes of individual industrial concerns. It is the Government who would probably carry out the necessary capital importation by means of public works financed by borrowing from the banks. From whatever angle the section is examined the conclusion is reached that its ultimate result would be to facilitate additional borrowing by public authorities.

Neither of the possible justifications of section 45 can be accepted as valid. Whether regarded as an instrument of credit control or as a means of repatriating Irish capital, the section is ill devised and incapable of achieving either result. The objections based upon the interference with the freedom of the banks in the administration of their business and in the safeguarding of their customers' interests are not therefore outweighed by any countervailing advantages. If the Banking Commission was correct in concluding that the disequilibrium in the Irish balance of payments was caused, at least partly, by excessive Government borrowing, the appropriate machinery for restoring and preserving equilibrium should be designed to put a brake on such borrowing in future. In so far as the section, as has been suggested, facilitates rather than impedes borrowing on the part of public authorities, it is calculated to inflame rather than to correct the undesirable trends to which the Banking Commission directed attention.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

MICHAEL DAVITT IN PENAL SERVITUDE 1870–1877

BY PROFESSOR T. W. MOODY, F.T.C.D.

Part II*

I

THE story of Davitt's life in prison that has hitherto appeared in print is largely a catalogue of hardships and cruelties; and this is because previous writers have drawn their information exclusively from the report of a speech delivered by Davitt at an amnesty demonstration in St. James's Hall, London, on 9 March 1878, for the purpose of drawing public attention to the plight of those fenians who still remained in prison.[1] In his opening remarks he declared—with good reason—that those who knew him would impute to him 'no wish to parade his sufferings for any other object,' and the speech is as impersonal as, in the circumstances, it could have been. But another side to the story is revealed in Davitt's prison-letters,[2] which, while incidentally confirming the St. James's Hall speech at many points, are the indispensable evidence of his inner life during captivity. These letters fall into two classes: (i) the regulation letters on official blue forms, which were censored and despatched by the prison authorities; (ii) uncensored letters, smuggled out of prison. The official letters are written, for the most part, in a rather stilted and pedantic style, partly to conceal the paucity of matter and partly, no doubt, for the edification of the censor; the smuggled letters are vigorous, unaffected and outspoken. The former are necessarily restricted to personal and family matters—'the permission to write and receive letters is given to the convicts for the purpose of enabling them to keep up a connection with their respectable friends, and not that they may hear the news of the day'[3];

* For Part I see last (December) issue.

[1] The announcement of the meeting is reprinted in Cashman, p. 52. This was Davitt's first appearance on a public platform.

[2] Preserved among the Davitt MSS.

[3] From the instructions printed on the official letter-form.

the latter show a wider range of interest. But the general spirit and purpose of both sets of letters are the same. They are nearly all addressed to his family, and show a deeply affectionate son and brother bent on sparing his relations from overmuch grief on his account.

Michael's mother, Catherine Davitt, was distinguished by the same qualities that her son exemplified so magnificently all his life—personal dignity, immense fortitude under adversity, shrewd common sense combined with inflexible devotion to duty. His father, Martin, was a quiet and resourceful man of more than average education, being reputed to have command of Latin and Greek; he was an ardent nationalist, and in his youth had been a leader of peasant resistance to landlord oppression. Both parents were pious Catholics. Michael, born on 25 March 1846,[1] was the only son; there were three daughters, Mary, Anne and Sabina, of whom the eldest, Mary, was ten years, and the youngest, Sabina, only a few days, old when the Davitts were evicted from their farm in Straide, county Mayo, and turned out on the road (1851). Martin, after much hardship and disappointment, found work, and a new home for his family, in Haslingden, Lancashire, where they all settled in 1852. The eldest daughter, Mary, married Neil Padden, and in 1865 emigrated with him to the U.S.A., settling at Scranton, in north-eastern Pennsylvania. A few years later, when Michael became aware that the police were on his track, he persuaded Mary to urge her parents and sisters to join her. His plan succeeded, and they arrived at Scranton about a month before his arrest.[2]

All Michael's prison-letters to his family contain kindly and understanding inquiries about each member and about family friends; and the contents of each letter received from home are commented on with lively interest. The advent of nephews and nieces—Mary's children—gives him particular pleasure. Of Mary Anne, his first niece, he writes (1874): 'I am well pleased that she prays for me every night . . . for me whom she never saw. He who said "Suffer little

[1] Davitt's diary, 25 Mar. 1880 (Davitt MSS.).
[2] Autobiographical sketch by Davitt: 'Early life in Lancashire'; outline of Davitt's life by Sabina Davitt (Davitt MSS.).

children to come unto me—forbid them not" will listen to what falls from her innocent lips and will, I am sure, in His own good time grant all she requests.'[1] A few months later: 'If she has not outgrown the age of dolls by the end of my sentence, she may count on the choicest on Broadway—if my £3 [gratuity on discharge] can purchase it.'[2] Mary Anne, he says, must take his place in the family;[3] which she apparently did, for he writes later that 'Mary Anne acts in the spirit of a future advocate of women's rights in claiming all that would be mine if I were at home.'[4] In the first of the smuggled letters to his mother (his father being dead), he instructs her to have a photograph taken of herself in a family group, and prescribes exactly where each member is to be placed (1875).[5] The desired photograph presently reached him, to his great delight. In his next smuggled letter he writes:—

> I try to persuade myself that you [his mother] do not show the traces of sorrow and grief my misfortunes must have caused you, and that you appear no older than when we parted nigh six years ago. But you always had a stout Irish heart and, God knows, enough of trouble to daunt it, though I console myself in thinking you have become resigned to all and will wait patiently until it pleases Providence to bring us all together again. I fail to see any remarkable change in Anne's appearance to account for a statement to that effect in one of Sibby's [Sabina's] letters. She seems to me the least changed of any. Sib herself looks as if she were the recognised champion of women's rights, so determinedly American does she appear. The little stranger, I suppose, is M. Anne . . . She has a very intelligent face, wearing quite a saucy look.[6]

Michael's eldest sister, Mary, was not included in the photograph, as the Davitts had moved from Scranton to Manayunk, Philadelphia, in 1873. Mary Anne, to whom they were much attached, had been allowed by her parents to go with them.

The first letter that Michael received in Dartmoor brought the news that his father was ill;[7] a few months later, towards

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[1] Davitt to his mother, 3 Mar. 1874.
[2] Same to same, 2 June 1874.
[3] Same to same, 30 Nov. 1874.
[4] Same to same, 1 Mar. 1875.
[5] Same to same, *c.* May 1875 (smuggled).
[6] Same to same, Sept. 1875 (smuggled).
[7] Davitt to his father and mother, 17 July 1871.

the end of 1871, Martin Davitt died at Scranton, aged about 60. Nothing that happened during his imprisonment seems to have shaken Michael's composure so much as this :

> The sad tidings of my father's death . . . found me entirely unprepared for such a calamity. I find it impossible to describe to you the sorrow . . . with which the news struck me and the feeling of remorse at the thought of being in part the cause of his demise. He would never have quitted England but for me, and might still be alive had I not compelled him to an unwilling exile. Yet I can conscientiously call heaven to witness that I did it fully believing it would be better for him and you all to be among friends and in a land where the country of his birth would be no reproach to him . . . Still, his dying calls for me will never cease to sound in my ears as so many reproaches for my absence at the last moments of his life. He believed that no one else loved him as I did ; but what must have been his thoughts of me when I was not present to comfort him at his last hour ? I pray God he did not then upbraid me for my absence . . . May God give eternal rest to his soul.[1]

Each anniversary of his father's death is marked by some touching reference in Michael's letters.

In writing of himself Michael always puts the best face on things. At Newgate, awaiting trial, he is confident that he will be acquitted and will soon rejoin his parents. But ' if the worst should happen and . . . I should be debarred from seeing you for a few years, you must not despair . . . Remember I am accused of no heinous or dishonest crime which could cause you to blush for your son.'[2] 'Let it be imprisonment or freedom . . . , I feel conscious [confident] in my own strength and belief in God's merciful providence to sustain me no matter what the future may have in store,'[3] When he learns his sentence, he writes : ' I shall never abandon the hope of once more seeing you all . . . I was never in better health in my life, and am quite reconciled to my fate. The only fear I have is that you, my dear father and mother, may give way to unnecessary grief . . . and imagine me worse off than I really am.'[4] On his arrival at Dartmoor, he believes that the change from the confinement of Millbank

[1] Davitt to his mother, 29 Jan. 1872.
[2] Davitt to his father and mother, 18 June 1870.
[3] Same to same, 11 July 1870.
[4] Same to same, 22 July 1870,

to 'this alpine-like abode' will be beneficial to his health—even though at the time of writing he is in closer confinement than when in London.[1] Thereafter he sometimes confesses to temporary ill health and refers to the harshness of his treatment, but always with restraint and assurances that he does not and will not despair. 'They have done their worst', he writes in 1876, 'so far as their treatment of me is concerned, and continue to deny me even the privileges accorded to the common herd . . , but I am sustained by the consciousness of my imputed crime being an honourable one, and that no degradation can lower me in the esteem of my friends.'[2] Referring to his loss of the privilege of writing, at Easter 1876, he begs his mother not to let the non-arrival of official letters trouble her, now that he has a secret channel of communication. 'Their cowardly inhuman conduct can never break my spirit. I feel certain I shall, with God's help, escape the end they would like to bring me to.'[3]

The prohibition on visits to Davitt could not have been maintained against one of his immediate relations. Yet when his mother, soon after his arrival at Dartmoor, expressed an intention to visit him, he obtained permission for a special letter to dissuade her. It would, he insists, be the height of folly for her to travel 6,000 miles to see him for 20 minutes; he is not hankering after visitors and is wholly resigned to his present lot. 'But when my mother talks of coming all the way from Scranton to see me—and when I . . . think of . . . the trouble and sorrow I have caused you all, it is too much for me to bear . . . Write immediately and assure me that she will never undertake such an absurd journey.'[4] On two subsequent occasions, Catherine Davitt decided that she must see her son, and each time Michael renewed his opposition with success.[5] We may be sure that he was determined to prevent her from witnessing the reality of Dartmoor, besides knowing well that she could not afford the expense. Davitt had a fine delicacy in money-matters,

[1] Davitt to his father and mother, 31 May 1871.
[2] Davitt to his mother, 7 Feb. 1876 (smuggled).
[3] Same to same, 13 May 1876 (smuggled).
[4] Davitt to his father and mother, 17 July 1871.
[5] Davitt to his mother, 12 July 1872, 4 Dec. 1872 2 June 1874.

and while he was in secret communication with his family, he only once asked them for money—in May 1876, when he wrote for 20 dollars to finance a plan of escape.[1] On learning that they were then unable to raise the amount, his self-reproach was extreme: 'To think that I should have acted so selfishly as to write to you for what I could do without and what you could not spare is punishing me justly for my unfeeling conduct. Yet I am assured that you must have believed me ignorant of how matters stood.'[2] He goes on to inquire whether they have received anything from the fund that has been raised for the relief of the families of Irish political prisoners, and on hearing that they have not, writes: 'I suppose no money is advanced except to those who apply for it, and I am well pleased to hear that no such application has been made by any of mine.'[3]

Davitt earned a little money for himself in prison by writing popular patriotic verses and smuggling them out to be published. His principal effort of this kind, 'Christmas musings in prison, 1875', was sent (Feb. 1877) to the then super-patriot, Richard Pigott, editor and proprietor of the *Irishman*, with a note to say that a few pounds were needed 'for a particular purpose.' Pigott neither published the verses nor sent any money to the author. But he kept Davitt's note, and later used it as the exemplar of one of his celebrated forgeries published in *The Times*.[4] Another prison-piece of Davitt's, the 'Irish felon's song', which was secretly printed in Haslingden on a single sheet, brought him in £2.[5] Years later, Davitt said of these verses, in answer to an inquiry from T. D. Sullivan: 'In the name of all the poets who ever sang in Erin, don't disinter from a kindly oblivion the effusions to which you refer. In all my political and party differences with opponents and friends, these past transgressions against

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[1] Davitt to his mother, 13 May 1876 (smuggled).
[2] Davitt to his mother, 4 Feb. 1877 (smuggled).
[3] Davitt to [Sabina Davitt], 15 April 1877 (smuggled).
[4] Davitt to his mother, 4 Feb. 1877 (smuggled); Davitt, *Fall of feudalism in Ireland* (London & New York, 1904), pp. 566, 589.
[5] [Thomas Lyons] to Catherine Davitt, 16 Mar. 1877; this piece is reprinted in Cashman, pp. 15–16, and in John Boyle O'Reilly's massive volume, *The poetry and song of Ireland* (New York, [1887]).

the " Mooses " were not flung at me, and I feel sure that you will be equally charitable.'[1]

The special interest of the smuggled letters lies in the evidence they contain of Davitt's contacts with the outer world. The first of these, addressed to ' My dear M.' and dated 1 August 1872, was brought out by a discharged prisoner and published in the press,[2] for which it was evidently intended. In its style and tone it amounts to a first draft of the St. James's Hall speech, given five and a half years later, and thus marks a notable departure from the reticence that characterises all the letters to his family whether smuggled or not. Though no formal action was taken against Davitt for smuggling this letter, he was made to smart for it : he was forcibly deprived of the one privilege allowed to treason-felony convicts, that of retaining their beards, by the governor's order.[3] No more letters appear to have been smuggled till about May of 1875, after which there was a pretty steady flow. These letters are written in pencil, on odd scraps of paper, and a few of them are signed ' Joseph ', the code-name under which reference was made in the official to the smuggled correspondence. The smuggling was effected through a friendly warder—doubtless at a price—who appears to have sent most letters to Thomas Lyons, of Rawenstall near Haslingden, an old associate of Davitt's.[4] Letters for Michael's mother were forwarded by Lyons to an accommodation address in Philadelphia. In-letters seem to have followed the same route. It was Thomas Lyons who had the ' Irish felon's song ' printed in Haslingden, and from him Davitt received Pigott's *Irishman* each week and also, occasionally, the New York *Irish World*. He was thus able to follow the political developments of 1876 and 1877, years which witnessed the rise of Parnell to an ascendant position in the home rule party.

Davitt had occasional secret correspondence with political friends in London on behalf of fellow-prisoners who, he thought,

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[1] Davitt to T. D. Sullivan, 13 Dec. 1901 (Davitt MSS.).

[2] *Freeman's Journal*, 3 Sept. 1872, p. 6 ; *Nation*, 7 Sept., pp. 563–4 ; *Irishman*, 7 Sept., p. 147.

[3] Parl. Papers, H.C. 1878–9, vol. xxxvii, pp. 592, 746–7 [c. 2368—I, pp. 522, 676–7].

[4] *Irishman*, 13 March 1869, pp. 580–1.

had been forgotten—*e.g.* Thomas Chambers and Thomas Ahearn in Dartmoor and James Clancy in Portsmouth. He suggested the formation of a political prisoners' visiting committee, to arrange for regular visits to the prisons and to give publicity to the prisoners' treatment and complaints.[1] Such a committee was actually formed in London, in April 1877, and included among its members Butt, Parnell, Biggar, O'Connor Power and F. H. O'Donnell, with Davitt's friend, John Ryan of Chelsea, as joint treasurer.[2] Davitt also wrote to Isaac Butt, requesting him, as leader of the home rule party, to bring the amnesty question before the house of commons, and making a special appeal for ' my prison-chum Tom Chambers and the other life-sentenced men. The few remaining years of my term will soon slip by, but they have no fixed time to which they may look forward to restore them to friends and liberty.'[3] Finally, several letters from Davitt, similar in tone to that of 1 August 1872 and similarly conveyed out of prison, came to the hands of John O'Connor Power, who read extracts in the house of commons on 5 June 1877.[4]

II

Ever since the release of the second batch of fenian prisoners in 1871, agitation for the amnesty of the remainder (officially reckoned at 18) had been carried on with passion and pertinacity. The Amnesty Association (founded in 1868[5]), with Isaac Butt as its president and John Nolan as its secretary, formed a nation-wide system of affiliated branches in all the principal towns of the British Isles. So effective was this organisation that it provided the infant home-rule movement with its essential machinery ready-made. The Amnesty Association retained its separate identity, but all through the ' seventies home-rule and amnesty were but different aspects of the same prevailing tendency in Irish politics. Till 1874, the agitation took the form of popular demonstrations,

[1] Davitt to Sabina Davitt, 15 Apr. 1877.
[2] *Irishman*, 21 Apr. 1877, p. 685; 12 May, p. 732.
[3] Davitt to Sabina Davitt, 15 Apr. 1877.
[4] *Irishman*, 9 June 1877, p. 788; and see below, p. 27.
[5] *Nation*, 7 Dec. 1872, p. 782.

organised by the association, at which resolutions were passed calling on the government to release the prisoners; from 1874 the issue was largely fought by the home rule party in the house of commons. In both phases, no single case was so prominently ventilated as Davitt's; Davitt the convict was a familiar name to both Gladstone and Disraeli years before they had to reckon with Davitt the founder of the Land League.

The agitation outside parliament reached a climax during the autumn of 1873, when a campaign opened by a monster meeting at Clontarf on Sunday, September 7, was continued for nine successive Sundays from September 28 to November 23—at Drogheda, Dundalk, Bray and Cork, Newry, Blackheath (S.E. London), Limerick and Arklow, Maryborough, Hannahstown (near Belfast) and Waterford, and finally at Glasnevin.[1] It was estimated that 250,000 people were present at Clontarf, 10,000 at Blackheath, 50,000 at Limerick and 300,000 at Glasnevin;[2] and though these figures are doubtless an exaggeration, the campaign went far to substantiate Butt's claim:—'there never was a political object on which the whole heart of Ireland was so earnestly and passionately set as the release of the political prisoners.'[3] But Gladstone was not persuaded, even though it was made clear that he would forfeit Irish support in British constituencies at the next general election.[4] That election came in February 1874, brought the conservatives under Disraeli back to power, and gave the newly formed Home Rule League a parliamentary party of 59 members led by Butt. Disgusted with Gladstone, the amnesty leaders allowed themselves to hope that his rival, in the flush of his electoral victory, would release the prisoners. Actually, the conservatives thought that Ireland had been petted and spoiled by Gladstone and that not one of the fenians ought to have been released. So when Butt presented Disraeli with an amnesty petition, signed by nearly 80 M.P.s, he received an evasive reply.[5] On the same day (March 27) the home

[1] *Irishman*, 13 Sept. 1873, pp. 165–8; 4 Oct., pp. 214–15; 11 Oct., p. 230; 18 Oct., pp. 246–7; 25 Oct., p. 262; 1 Nov., pp. 277–8; 8 Nov., pp. 294–5; 15 Nov., p. 307; 22 Nov., p. 327; 29 Nov., pp. 342–3.

[2] Ibid., 29 Nov. 1873, p. 344. [3] Ibid., 11 Oct. 1873, p. 230.

[4] Ibid., 30 Aug. 1873, p. 131; 6 Sept., p. 157; 20 Sept., p. 187; 27 Dec., p. 409.

[5] Ibid., 21 Mar. 1874, pp. 598, 600; 28 Mar., p. 613; 4 Apr., pp. 629, 630; 30 May, p. 757.

secretary, R. A. Cross, announced in the house that the government did not intend to interfere with the course of the law.[1]

From this point onwards the Amnesty Association falls into the background, confining itself largely to the provision of relief for the prisoners' families; 'amnesty Nolan' himself retired to the U.S.A. in July 1875;[2] and though Butt never abandoned his advocacy of the prisoners' cause, the lead in the amnesty agitation was taken by the ex-fenian, John O'Connor Power, M.P. for Mayo from 1874, and one of the pioneers of the obstructionist policy. His foremost supporter on the amnesty question was Parnell, who entered parliament in April 1875. Power launched the parliamentary campaign on 13 July 1874 by moving for an address to the queen requesting a return of the names of all persons who, within the previous ten years, had died or become insane or permanently disabled while suffering imprisonment for political offences. The motion was lost by 92 votes to 21.[3] In the following March, he attacked the contention that the prisoners' offences were not political by demanding how a conviction for treason-felony could be held to imply felony only, and not treason. He went on:—

> If I consider for a moment the character of Mr. Davitt, I must exclude from my mind everything of a sordid or selfish nature. He is the only one of those on whose behalf I now plead with whom I have had any personal acquaintance. He was one of the most disinterested men I ever met—upright and honourable in every relation of life. I say he was, for the tomb could not more effectually separate him from life . . . than the prison in which he has been confined for the last five years; and I say, it is monstrous for a government that professes to be based on the people's will and to be supported, too, by the public opinion of a great empire, to condemn such a man to waste away the flower of his ripening manhood in the company of the burglars and garotters and wife-murderers of England.

He had been refused permission to visit Davitt; and being thus prevented from judging for himself the truth or falsehood

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[1] *Hansard*, ccxviii, 347.
[2] *Irishman*, 10 July 1875, p. 19.
[3] *Hansard*, ccxx, 1609–11.

of statements in the press regarding Davitt's cruel treatment,[1] he must presume them to be true. What confidence could be placed in official denials after the O'Donovan Rossa scandal[2]? A few months later, Mitchell Henry, M.P. for county Galway, developed this line of attack by moving—without success, of course—for reports on the treatment of political prisoners in foreign states.[3]

Amnesty and Home Rule were coupled together in a resolution moved by Butt and seconded by the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, F.T.C.D., at a public meeting in the Rotunda, on 14 September 1875, convened by the Home Rule League.[4] In November, when John Wilson had almost completed his sentence, A. M. Sullivan, M.P., editor of the *Nation*, appealed privately to the home secretary for Davitt's release at the same time. Cross consulted his colleagues and replied that they could see no reason to change their former opinion.[5] Early in 1876, a deputation of influential American citizens arrived in England with a petition to the prime minister for the release of all the prisoners.[6] After that, the rumour went around that Victoria's assumption of the title 'Empress of India' would be made the occasion for a general amnesty.[7] The amnesty leaders pressed forward with a new petition, signed by 136 M.P.s, including all the home rulers and many English liberals and radicals.[8] Again Disraeli disappointed Irish expectations. With reference to Davitt, he asked the house to remember that the judge who sentenced him to double Wilson's term must have considered that 'there were very aggravating circumstances' about his offence; to which Parnell made the rejoinder that Wilson was an Englishman, Davitt an Irishman.[9] After this rebuff the news that

[1] The reference is to Davitt's letter of 1 Aug. 1872.

[2] *Hansard*, ccxxii, 1759–64, 12 Mar. 1875; *Irishman*, 20 Mar. 1875, pp. 598–9. The quoted passage is not included in *Hansard*. For the reference to O'Donovan Rossa, see preceding issue, p. 528.

[3] Ibid., cxxv, 1198–1205, 8 July 1875.

[4] *Irishman*, 18 Sept. 1875, pp. 180–1.

[5] A. M. Sullivan to R. A. Cross, 27 Nov. 1875, 10 June 1876; R. A. Cross to A. M. Sullivan, 12 & 26 Jan. 1876 (Davitt MSS.).

[6] *Irishman*, 26 Feb. 1876, pp. 551, 555.

[7] Ibid., 18 Mar. 1876, p. 597; 6 May, pp. 711, 712; *Hansard*, ccxxvii. 1718, 9 Mar. 1876.

[8] *Irishman*, 13 May, p. 727; 20 May, p. 745.

[9] *Hansard*, ccxxix, 1039–52, 22 May 1876.

six of the fenians imprisoned in Western Australia had amnestied themselves sent a delicious thrill through all nationalist Ireland.[1]

The amnesty question was reopened in the house by Power on August 1. The number of the prisoners was now reduced to nine, and the feeling—strongly voiced on this occasion by John Bright—that more than enough vengeance had already been taken for all fenian offences, was growing among English members. In defending the government's policy, Cross mentioned that, when he became home secretary in 1874, Davitt's case had caused him considerable anxiety, and he had carefully examined the relevant facts. He was satisfied that the difference between Davitt's sentence and Wilson's was a just one ; and he quoted from the judge's summing up at the trial to the effect that Wilson had been a tool in the hands of others, whereas Davitt was a principal and one who was prepared to resort to assassination if he found it convenient.[2] The amnesty motion was lost by 117 votes to 51, the minority including such distinguished Englishmen as John Bright, Sir Charles Dilke and John Morley.[3] The fight was renewed in the spring of 1877, during the debates on the English prisons' bill, when Parnell and Power, in a masterly display of obstructionist tactics, forced on the government a number of amendments mitigating the barbarism of the jail-code, with special reference to political prisoners. It was at one of these debates that Power read letters from Davitt to illustrate the savage conditions under which the fenian prisoners were still living, and the helplessness of the convict before cruel and arbitary conduct on the part of jail officials.[4] The final scene in the house of commons came on July 20, when Power once again moved for the release of the prisoners. The secretary for war, G. Gathorne Hardy, in a heated outburst,

[1] *Irishman*, 10 June 1876, p. 790 ; 24 June, p. 319. See preceding issue, p. 523.

[2] The reference is to the notorious ' pen letter ' and to Arthur Forrester's transparently false evidence regarding it at Davitt's trial (see *The Times*, 19 July 1879, p. 11 col. 2–3). The true story, which completely explodes the assassination charge, has never been fully told in print. It is the subject of a separate article, based on the Davitt MSS., which I hope to publish soon.

[3] *Irishman*, 5 Aug. 1876, pp. 84–5 ; *Hansard*, ccxxxi. 285–318.

[4] Ibid., ccxxxiv. 1309–28, 5 June 1877.

indiscreetly declared that an amnesty would be regarded by Ireland not as an act of mercy but an act of contrition on the part of the government. Gladstone now at last came down on the side of complete amnesty, thereby incurring an obvious taunt from the home secretary.[1] As though to ensure the fulfilment of Hardy's prediction, the government waited for six months and then, without any reference to the amnesty advocates, discharged four of the prisoners, including Davitt, on ticket-of-leave. Davitt arrived in London on December 20, and after spending Christmas with John Ryan in Chelsea, reached Dublin with the three other liberated fenians, Chambers, McCarthy and O'Brien, on 12 January 1878.[2] They were received with a mighty roar of welcome that had in it nothing of gratitude to Disraeli and his colleagues.

And so Michael Davitt returned to his native land, to find his name established in the imagination of his countrymen as the symbol of invincible and self-sacrificing resistance to English rule.

III

The importance of Davitt's seven years of penal servitude for his whole subsequent career can hardly be overestimated. He went to prison a young man of 24, dedicated to the cause of Irish independence, but withal a romantic conspirator,[3] an unquestioning believer in the fenian creed. He emerged from prison resolute to continue the fight but with a new approach to the problem of Ireland's liberation :—

> Finding myself cut off from the world for years . . . I naturally employed my mind and thoughts upon why I found myself in prison, and upon what my labours should be in the national cause if I ever . . . regained my liberty. In reviewing the history of Irish revolution—particularly the one with which I was identified—I found their characteristics to be those of generous enthusiasm, self-sacrificing impulse and, as a necessary consequence of these, impatience of results, a total disregard to the strength of the power to be overcome . . . , the utmost contempt for cool judgment . . . , and the bitterest prejudice against every Irishman who should doubt the sanguine results of premature insurrection. There was danger to Ireland's

[1] *Hansard*, ccxxxv, 1587–1626. [2] Cashman, pp. 43–9, 150–3.

[3] Davitt to Arthur Forrester, 3 Aug. 1894 (Davitt MSS.) : 'our boy-conspirator days, twenty-five golden years ago.'

enemy . . . only in *intention* and *resolve*—none from a calm, systematic, methodical revolution, organised in thought and judgment, and handled by discretion and prudence, possessed of the inherent strength of purpose which puts itself forth to strike only when victory could be grappled for with chances of success.

. . . I found myself in prison for sending a few rifles to Ireland, without the consolation of knowing that one of them was ever shouldered to smite an enemy of my country. I was in prison only for *resolve*, not for an act whereby a single link of Ireland's chain was broken or a solitary acre of Irish land won back from those who stole it from the people. The years I had laboured in the national cause and those included in my imprisonment were, therefore, barren of practical results . . . , and I resolved that no other period of my life should be so . . . if I ever . . . regained my liberty.[1]

Fenianism, then, had failed because of its sentimenalism and because it divided rather than united the national forces.

I saw that for Irishmen to succeed they must be united, and that they must have a practical issue to put before Englishmen and the world at large. Sentiment cannot be relied upon to move neighbouring nations, and when changes of great political importance involving an alteration in the policy of a country like England . . . are to be brought about, there must be something practical in the issue put forward. I saw all this and I made up my mind that the only issue upon which Home Rulers, Nationalists, Obstructionists, and each and every shade of opinion existing in Ireland could be united was the land question.

Since the new movement was to rely on the power of public opinion, open agitation must replace the fenian method of secret conspiracy. Though it was not to be merely a parliamentary movement, it must make the fullest use of Ireland's representation in the British parliament.[2] In a word, revolutionary nationalism and constitutional nationalism were to join forces in a concentrated effort on the land question, thereby creating such a united will among all classes of Irishmen as would make the demand for self-government irresistible. Here was the Land League revolution in germ.

In another way, Davitt's prison experiences were a direct incentive to subsequent achievement. He never lost interest

[1] *Irishman*, 14 Dec. 1878, p. 379.
[2] Cashman, pp. 210–12.

in the problem of penal servitude, and his right to be heard on the subject gained official recognition. In 1898 ex-convict W822, now Michael Davitt, M.P., a member of the committee on the prisons' bill, revisited Dartmoor with a special order from the home office authorizing the governor to permit him 'to view the prison and to afford him every facility for seeing the system of discipline and treatment of prisoners in all its branches.'[1] Both in the press[2] and in parliament he was an impressive advocate of prison-reform, and he left his mark on the prisons' act of 1898.

Penal servitude was an ordeal that only Davitt's immense reserves of moral and intellectual strength enabled him to endure, without faltering, to the end. He emerged from prison weakened in health but with his mind undimmed, his soul unembittered, his steadfastness and courage magnificently vindicated. The Davitt who was to devote his remaining 30 years to unceasing struggle for Ireland and for humanity was the Davitt who could write from the abyss of Dartmoor[3]: 'Don't fret about me at all. All the prisons in Europe would not break my spirit.'

T. W. Moody

[1] Original among the Davitt MSS.

[2] e.g. *Contemporary Review*, xliv, 169–82, Aug. 1883; *Nineteenth Century*, xxxvi, 875–89, Dec. 1894; *Daily Chronicle*, Apr.–June 1898.

[3] Davitt to his mother, c. May 1875 (smuggled).

IRISH STORIES AND STORYTELLERS

Some Reflections and Memories

BY SEAMUS Ó DUILEARGA, M.A.
Director of the Irish Folklore Commission

STORYTELLING, says the old Irish proverb, is a complicated affair—*gablánach in rét in sgéluighecht.* With this proverb serving both as a text and a warning I propose, in this short paper,[1] to treat of some aspects of a fascinating but forbidding subject. I set off on a perilous voyage on the uncharted seas of Irish fairy-tale and medieval romance, without maps or compass or guiding star to direct my course over sunken reefs and treacherous shoals, for on these ancient seas but few have voyaged before.

In the memories of the storytellers of the Gaeltacht the fugitive literature of half the world finds sanctuary, for Irish folk-tale and romance is perhaps the most international feature of our culture. It is a far cry from Conamara to Thibet, from the Western seas to India ; but many of the tales told today in the homes of the Gaeltacht have found their way from India, across the sands of Asia, to the rocks of Connacht—to be preserved as by a miracle to this present day on the utmost shores of western Europe, on this the last frontier of fairyland.

In the misty background of Irish folktale I see the dim figures of Mongolian horsemen and Venetian traders, Christian missionaries and Buddhist monks, Crusader and Templar and Saracen, Arab and Moor, wandering scholars and *jongleurs*—each a potential tradition-bearer of Eastern storytelling and motif. But in the dimmer background lies a still more ancient world with which our old Irish storytellers are a living link—Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome, Byzantium and the Eastern Empire—and in the remote distance the great megalithic culture-period which has covered Ireland with its tumuli and its dolmens.

[1] The substance of a lecture delivered in University College, Dublin, 19 November, 1941.

The written and oral literature of Ireland is one of the richest sources in the world to the student of comparative literature; it is also one of the least known. Most of the material is in MS., and practically all of it is in a language which hitherto has found but few students outside our borders. But the amazing wealth of Irish tradition and the MS. material now being compiled must of necessity attract to it before long the attention of scholars—for no conclusion can be reached in comparative-literary or ethnological study if this body of West-European tradition be neglected.

Irish oral prose literature may be divided, for convenience sake, into two main divisions :—(i) the literary tale told for amusement and (ii) the story which is an exemplification of belief or custom, or enshrines some other lore or teaching—the purpose of which is to explain, to instruct or to inform. The importance of the material of the second class to the student of the social history of Ireland cannot be over-emphasised. Without this source at his disposal, no man can write the story of the Irish people. But our business in this paper is with the tales of the first-class—the popular or fireside-stories, which from an international standpoint are one of the most striking features of our national tradition and literature.

The art of the folk-tale is in its telling; it was never meant to be written, nor to be read, nor to be studied by students interested in its linguistic content—it was meant to be told. It lived and lives, not in the study nor in the lecture-hall nor in the drawing-room, but in the fisherman's hut or in the mountain farmstead, where for many centuries it was part of the *litteratura pauperum*—the literature of the poor. There is no people in the world to whom the folk-tale is unknown, but its present area of distribution is an ever-dwindling one, and in most European countries it is known only in written literature. But still it exercises the charm of its never-fading freshness over young and old alike—over those at least whose heart is young and whose literary palate has not been destroyed by what passes very often for literature.

The folk-tale is the discovery of the Romantic movement,

and the science of comparative folklore is a twin-sister of the science of comparative philology. Although popular tales are found in written literature from ancient times, it is only in the early years of the nineteenth century that they became the object of scientific study. In 1812, in the same year that Napoleon's armies entered Moscow, there appeared in Germany a slender volume entitled *Kinder - und Hausmärchen*, the most widely-known collection of folk-tales in the world. The names of its author-editors are known to all; they are the Damon and Pythias of the folk-tale, the immortal Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, who are for ever linked with the destinies of the science which their genius called into being.

The Brothers Grimm, the learned grammarians and philologists, are often thought of as the creators of the stories in their famous book, and but few know of the work's scientific significance or of the true place of the Grimms in the history of literature and philology. In their philological studies they stumbled across the threshold of that long hidden fairy-world, and when once they had recovered from the thrill of discovery, they sought to explain and to interpret the treasure which they had found. What was the origin of these tales, where and when did they originate? How can the existence of similar tales be accounted for in countries near to hand, like France and Greece, or in those distant lands of India and the Far East? Prior to the Grimms, folk-tales were regarded as delightful romantic fiction suitable as bed-time stories for good little girls and boys. Anyone possessed of imaginative powers could—it was thought—compose similar narratives, and if these tales were really good they could on occasion amuse grown-ups as well, as witness the tales of Perrault or the *Contes des Fées* of the Countess d'Aulnoy. The Grimms regarded these tales from an entirely different standpoint. They looked upon them as the last echo of the old Indo-European myths which the passage of time had distorted or destroyed, so that only the fragments remained. But from a scientific study of these fragments, carefully and methodically gathered together from the oral literature of the common people, it should be possible to reconstruct the ancient mytho-

logy of the Aryan peoples. This conception we call the Indo-European theory.

The vast literary sources in Sanskrit, hitherto unrevealed, were thrown open to western scholarship by the English conquest of India in the eighteenth century, and this had as a direct consequence the discovery of the Science of Comparative Philology, which as we have seen gave birth to the Science of Folklore. Once before in history, in the Middle Ages, there had been raids on the Indian "Ocean of Streams of Story" when the Crusaders brought back tales from the East. The Mongol invasion of Europe, the rise of Islam, the Mahometan empire, and trade with the East had also contributed to the spread of Eastern folk-tales in Europe.

A new figure and a new theory now came upon the stage, this time a learned Oriental scholar, the German Theodor Benfey, and his theory we can call the Indian theory. In 1859 Benfey published the text, with a German translation, of the Sanskrit collection of folk-tales the *Pantschantantra* or the Five Books. In the introduction to this famous work Benfey, speaking *ex cathedra* from his book-lined study, declared that all folk-tales had come to Europe in historic times and by literary means (due particularly to the spread of Buddhism) from their land of origin, India. He made an exception in the case of the Aesopic animal-tales which, he said, came to India from Greece. According to Benfey the invasion of Europe by this eastern golden horde of fairy-tale had not taken place before the tenth century; he conceded that a few had crept in from India by means of oral transmission. So excellent were these Eastern tales that they ousted anything analogous which might have existed before them. Side by side with the stories spread from literary sources by literary means was an oral spreading, especially in Slavonic countries. Then we find the tales in literature in Straparola and Basile and Boccacio, and from literature they passed to the people. Such in brief is the theory of Benfey and the Orientalists.

Now that philologists and orientalists had had their say, the anthropologists thrust forward on to the stage yet another

theory. Andrew Lang and E. B. Tylor are the protagonists of the new school, which insisted on the polygenesis of the folk-tale, holding that primitive man thinks very much in the same way under primitive conditions, and that a similar tale can have arisen in the Stone-Age in Europe thousands of years ago and among the Australian aborigines in 1850. But this school (whose influence is still marked in England) ignored or were ignorant of certain well-established facts. First of all, all folk-tales are not of the same kind : some are quite simple in construction, others are as involved as a modern novel. It is evident that the same *motifs* may be composed at widely different epochs by primitive peoples, but not intricate narratives such as you will find in Irish folk-tales or in the folk-literature of many European peoples.

The modern investigator of the international folk-tale follows a severe scientific method which is called the Finnish historical-geographical method. Finland stands in the forefront of folklore studies and possesses one of the largest bodies of oral literature in the world. From a study of their traditions, the Finns Kaarle Krohn and Antti Aarne evolved a method of research which, with certain modifications, is used by most students of storyology.

Briefly, the method pursued is as follows : The student, having gathered together all the literary and oral versions of his theme, arranges them topographically and chronologically. Each variant is then subjected to a minute analysis, after which it takes on the appearance of a mathematical formula. Percentages are then compiled with a view to determining the original content of each episode. That form of a motif is most likely to be original which is (1) met with in most versions, (2) shows widest distribution, (3) is found in the oldest versions, (4) is most natural, (5) is most in accord with other traits clearly original, and (7) can explain local variations as derivations.

The next stage in the investigation is the reconstruction of the proto-tale on the basis of those motifs which seem to be original. If from this it is clear that there are special local developments (*e.g.* a West-European or a Balkan sub-

type) the same process detailed above is employed to establish the original form of these sub-types.

Shortly before his death some years ago, Kaarle Krohn, the great—indeed immortal—Finnish scholar, reviewing the work of fifty years from the late eighties on, makes the following interesting and, for us in Ireland, significant statement :— " Whatever kinds of folk-tales may be in question, two centres of distribution within historic times clearly show themselves : India and Western Europe. If a tale arises in India, its transmission can as a rule be shown to proceed in the direction of the general stream of culture from Asia to Europe. The diffusion of Western European tales in the opposite direction has extended only as far as that part of Asia which is under the control of Russia. These are, however, not the only centres of diffusion for folk-tales. In Asia Minor, in Eastern and Northern Europe, as additions to tales originating elsewhere, new types have occasionally been constructed. Moreover, the Western European tales have not been uninfluenced in matter and form by those of India."

In the State-supported series of folklore studies—the Folklore Fellows Communications of Helsingfors, now over 50 volumes—catalogues of the folk-tales of many countries have been published and also a considerable number of monographs on certain folk-tale types.[1] But the most useful of these catalogues is that entitled " The Types of the Folk-Tale," which is in effect a census of fairy-tale.

In this *vade mecum* of the storyologist all known folk-tales of an international type are provided with a classification-number : 300, 425, 1525, and so on. And each type is then analysed and divided up into its component parts. Such is the fate of the folk-tales of childhood—the play-thing of countless generations is made a victim to scientific vivisection. This classification system is international and is accepted by every scholar of the folk-tale in the world. Using it as a model, the folk-tales of each country can be catalogued, the analytical treatment of each type saving an immense amount

[1] See Stith Thompson : " The Folk-Tale since Basile " in N. M. Penzer : *The Pentamerone of Giambattista Basile*, London 1932, II p. 298 *sq.*

of time and labour; translation also, a tedious task, can very often be rendered unnecessary. I myself feel, however, that unless one can fully command the material and know the languages in which the material is written, translation is necessary. For in synthesis sense may be obscured and the finer points of a tale be lost.

In compiling this concordance to folk-tales neither Antti Aarne the Finn nor Stith Thompson the joint-author had the Irish material at their disposal, and while a great many of the tales of an international type still current orally in Ireland can be recognized and placed in this register, there are a number for which a special place and new classification numbers must be provided in later editions of the work. There are also a great many Irish tales which do not fit into this system at all. I should like to run rapidly through this convenient list and single out a number found in Ireland and comment briefly upon them, but limits of space will not allow me.

The number of storytellers in an Irish parish is, as a rule, quite small. I do not think that really good storytellers could ever have been very numerous. I should make clear that I distinguish sharply between active and passive tradition-bearers, in other words between storytellers who practise their craft and people who *know* stories, which when asked they may tell, but not until they have been asked—very often one must question them closely and it often happens that they are unable to recall a tale before they have heard portion of it related. As a rule these passive tradition-bearers are unknown in a district as storytellers, and it is often just by the merest chance that one discovers them. Moreover they can remember only the incidents of a tale; they have as a rule a poor narrative-style; and yet these men are quite important in their own way, because one often comes across a tale known only to them, tales unknown to or forgotten by the real-storytellers. I have met a great number of men—and a few women—who belong to this type of storyteller. My experience has been that they deserve the closest attention.

When you cross the threshold of an Irish home and are welcomed in the old way, almost the first thing said is " *Bhfuil*

aon sgéal nua agat?—Have you any news?" The Irishman of today shares with the Icelander of the saga-times the thirst for knowledge of strange lands and the wonders of the world *insna hoileáin amuh*—"in the islands outside"—as the old phrase has it.

It is a mistake to think that an island community is not so much subject to outside influences as a community or people living in an inland country far from the sea. Even a cursory study of our folk-traditions alone will show how much " the islands outside " have influenced these traditions. A good storyteller is always on the look-out for a good tale. Like a connoisseur he lets a lot go past him, but seizes on a tale which appeals to him and makes it his own, stamping his own narrative genius upon it, pruning here, embellishing there, modifying this trait or that, inserting some motif for which he has a fancy, and rejecting consciously—at times unconsciously—some feature foreign to him which has no counterpart in his *répertoire* of tales; and so in time the new story becomes so Irish in appearance as to deceive all but an expert.

The Irish, like the Arabs and the Indians, had a genius for storytelling. They were conscious literary artists, with as much a pride in their craft as the medieval guildsman or a painter or essayist. There is a story told in an old Norse tale of an Icelander who was listening in a king's court to the telling of a saga, and as he observed that the storyteller was making a mess of the story he rushed forward and stabbed him, saying that such a man did not deserve to live. I have seen expression, though not so violent, given to outraged feelings by two really good Irish storytellers when I was being told a tale in a country kitchen by a countryman who had not inherited the gift for storytelling of his father; the story was being mangled and so badly told that the two old men, who had up to a certain point contented themselves with despairing gestures, at last could not restrain their feelings any longer, jumped up, and told the storyteller to stop, that he did not know the tale at all and that he should not attempt to recite a story which he could not tell properly.

And I have known many storytellers who would not tell me stories of which they had forgotten certain incidents or could not remember the end. One of these magnificent old men, a good and staunch friend of mine whose memory I shall cherish as long as I live, was a certain Seán Ó Conaill. He knew the ancient simplicities of the earth beneath him, the winds that blew and the weather, and the sky and the stars above him. And tales he knew by the score, of kings and nobles and beggars and clever thieves, and fairies and spirits of land and water, and the motley pageant of medieval storytelling. Seán was a master of his craft. He took a pride in telling his tales and asked for nothing more in life, after a hard day's work in the fields, than a cheery fire, a full pipe, and an appreciative audience. Not only was he an excellent storyteller, but he was a master of the Irish language, and it was a delight to listen to him telling in rich and sweet-sounding Irish the wonder-tales and the heroic tales in which he excelled. There were certain set tales which he told when asked, but there were many more, especially tales about the fairies and the ghost world, which turned up casually in the course of a night, and one had often to lead the conversation into certain channels to obtain these. Tales of the fairy-world he had in great numbers, and tales also of the troubled world in Ireland, of lost causes and hunted riders under a winter sky. Seán Dhônuil Mhuiris ach Séartha ach Séartha Uí Chonaill (John O'Connell of the census returns !) lived in the remote hamlet of Cillrialaig near Baile'n Sgeilg, in Co. Kerry. He was born there in 1853, and he died in the house in which he was born in May 1931.

Seán knew no English nor had he ever been to school. His manners were courtly, and his mind was stored with the lore common to all Ireland three hundred years ago. It was my custom to visit him at his house three nights a week, over a period of six years, during my holiday-visits to the locality. It was a two-roomed cottage, one room a kitchen where all the indoor work was done, the other a bed-room. Over the bed-room was a loft which contained also a bed,

fishing-gear, a spinning wheel and the various lumber of an old farmhouse.

On the kitchen hearth was a turf-fire, a kettle hung on a crook suspended from the ceiling, on either side of the fire was a little stone seat seated on which one could look up the soot-covered chimney and see the twinkling stars. On the right side of the fire, pulled in close to the corner, was a well-scoured deal table, and in the corner a bag of salt for salting fish. On this bag I used to sit, pulling in the table beside me, and thus at various times I wrote down from the dictation of my friend some 200 pieces of prose narrative. But before we began to work, I helped Seán and his old wife to tidy up the house : I swept the floor, strewed clean sand on it, brought in an armful of turf and lit the oil lamp. Part of my job was to chase the chickens which hopped in over the half-door.

From the doorway one gazed right down into the sea, and the distant roar of the waves crept into the kitchen and was the ever-present background of the folktale. My old friend was a conscious artist, he took a deep pleasure in telling his stories, his language was classic in its purity, he took a delight in a telling phrase, and he used many words now unfamiliar in the district. His *répertoire* contained a great number of short tales illustrative of the cult of the dead and of the fairies (*daoine sídhe*), in whom he believed. But he told, in unsurpassed style, folk-tales and long hero-tales of Fionn and the Fianna (some of these, I think, were current about 100 years ago in the district and were read, from tattered MSS. reeking with turf-smoke and yellow with age, by the rare few who could read Irish)—but some of Seán's Irish hero-tales do not occur in any of the Irish MS. collections in Dublin, London, and elsewhere. These long tales (one took over an hour to tell) were embellished with long and semi-obscure *runs*, which were recited at great speed. They form, of course, resting-places where the storyteller can pause to recollect what incident follows. But I think that the main function of these *runs* (which occur in hero and wonder tales only) is to impress the listeners ; your unlettered countryman has a great respect for

learning and for the "hard Irish," as he calls it, which he does not understand.

While I wrote from Seán's dictation the neighbours would drop in, one by one, or in small groups, and with them came the children, and they listened in patience until the last word of the tale was written. Then the old storyteller would take a burning ember from the fire, press it down with a horny thumb on the tobacco in his pipe, lean back in his straw-bottomed chair, and listen to the congratulations of the listeners—who, although they had probably heard the tale before, found pleasure in hearing it again. Their plaudits merged into gossip, in which the events of the countryside would be discussed. Then in time someone would ask the man of the house to tell a *sgéal*—and for an hour or so we would be transported by the wonder of the tale into the land of Never-Never where all one's dreams come true. Silently the audience listened, with a hearty laugh at the discomfiture of the villain or at some humorous incident introduced into the tale ; at times, too, they would applaud with appropriate remarks the valour of the hero fighting against impossible odds—seven-headed giants or monsters from the sea or the serried ranks of the armies of the King of the Eastern World.

At last after weeks of weary writing, with a feeling of relief not untinged with regret, the last word of the last tale was written down. With a fine sense of the dramatic the old man quietly turned to me and pointing to the flickering oil-lamp hanging on the wall he said : " *Bailig suas do chreithinisi—tá deire an tsoluis dóighte !*—Gather up your papers, for the light has gone." We parted at the gable-end of the house that fine clear starry night in April. A month later he was dead.

There are many other storytellers who come to my mind as I write, and I should like to tell about them. Before I cry halt to memory let me content myself with one more reminiscence. In the summer of 1929 I went to Clare to start work on the collection of oral tradition. I found it hard to get lodgings, as strangers had not been there before on such a quest, and to make matters worse the weather was

vile—a downpour of rain, varied with what I find still more depressing, a thick blanket of mist through which one could see only for a few yards.

I was in despair, but determined not to leave the district no matter what happened. I went to a local farmer, a man who spoke Irish and had read widely, a most intelligent and cultured man. When I had explained my errand, he reached for his hat and coat and told me to follow him. Across wet and sodden fields we went, along a narrow path at the foot of the cliffs, and eventually reached a small slated farmhouse on the side of the hill overlooking the sea. The man of the house was not at home, but his wife was there, brushing the floor and fixing the turf-fire. My friend Paitsín introduced me, pulled out his pipe, lit it, and for twenty minutes he talked about every conceivable thing except the reason for our unexpected visit in the middle of the day. Then he explained why we had come, would hear of no refusal, and persuaded the good woman to put me up for the night. To make a long story short, I stayed five weeks in the house and reaped a rich harvest of song and story. Before I had finished I got over 450 tales there, most of them in the house I lodged in. Some days afterwards I asked my friend Paitsín why he had been so slow at explaining the purpose of our visit. He looked at me with a smile in his eyes and said : " Well, Séamus, you know you've got to take the women easy."

A completely untilled field of research is the connections between Gaelic and Icelandic fairy and folk-tales—especially the body of tales called *lygisögur* in Icelandic—and here I must express my regret at the complete lack of opportunity for studying old Norse and Icelandic in this country. Our literary relations with the North and our influence on Icelandic literature were, to my mind, much greater than is generally recognized. One recalls here the close connections between Ireland and the Norse Hebridean isles which supplied Irish chieftains with the *Gallóglaigh*, the Irish counterpart of the Varangian Guard of Byzantium. I find myself, for example, more at home in the folk-tales of Iceland than anywhere else in Europe save France and Gaelic Scotland. I hope that

when this weary war is over, it will be found possible to have provision made in this college for a cultural exchange between Irish and Scandinavian lecturers, whereby Irish students may have a chance of learning Old Norse and the rich literature enshrined in Old Icelandic.

A remarkable and so far almost unnoticed branch of Irish fiction are the late romantic tales, many of which remind us partly of Greek romance in its later stages and partly of the romantic best-sellers which Cervantes tilted at in Don Quixote. But while the matter may be of Rome or Greece or the East or be influenced by continental literary modes and manners, the tales are unquestionably Irish in structure and style. Some well-known examples of these occur in oral-literature also, but as loans from the MSS.—*e.g.* the Conall Gulban story. It is greatly to be desired that all this romantic fiction of the early modern Irish period, together with its counterpart in oral literature, be made available to students of Irish as well as of comparative literature.

Irish storytelling would appear to have been almost a reserved occupation for men—but, you may be relieved to hear, women storytellers are not unknown. There seems to have been a strong feeling—I have noticed this particularly in Clare—against the *fiannuí mná*, the woman reciter of the tales and poetry of the Finn cycle. This is an interesting point about which more information is desirable. The Grimms got most of their tales from women—Russian women storytellers are famous and have had monographs written about them—in Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg Wossidlo, and others recorded a great number of wonder-tales from women.

Storytelling was usually indulged in after nightfall, and it was considered unlucky to tell Fenian tales and heroic tales in daylight. '*Feaduíol istuíhe nú Fiannuíocht sa ló*' runs the proverb. I call to mind another fine storyteller, Seán Ó Briain of Loch na Con Uíre near Rosmuc. Seán had a sensitivity as keen as that of any prima donna—he insisted on silence during the recital of his long hero-tales, but was not averse to the usual encouraging remarks which your folk-tale audience often makes during the course of the narrative.

He used a great deal of gesture and had some of the tricks of the orator—the dramatic pause, the changing of the tone of voice to suit characters and incidents, and so on. He was a real storyteller; and there are very few like him now alive in Europe, outside Ireland, Russia and the Balkans.

Some of the stories took a long time to tell. I timed Stiofán Ó Helaoire of North Clare when he was telling *Conall Gulban*. Stiofán spoke twice as fast as most people, yet he took over an hour to recite this story. He used certain tricks—repetition of phrases for example—*Chuadar isteach sa teh agus má chuadar isteach sa teh*—this mannerism is used simply to gain time to remember the incident which follows. One hears of the heroic age when a tale took three nights in the telling—*credo quia impossible!* Campbell of Islay tells us in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*: "I have heard of a man who fell asleep by the fire and found a story going on when he awoke next morning." And in Iveragh I heard of a traveller, a poor beggarman, who took seven nights to tell a story called '*Diarmuid Ó Breasail and Máirín Chos ar Easair*'—but I am sure he could have knocked a night or so off had he wished. The old-time folk-tale audience is but a memory in most parts of the country, and the story-tellers one meets very often complain of the lack of interest in their tales. The modern folk-tale, the sound-film, has taken the *sean-sgéal's* place. A son of one of my best seanachaidhe's told me of coming suddenly on his old father who, while herding cattle on the hill, was reciting his tales to the fence—his audience had gone, but at all costs the old man was determined to remember the stories—his simple tribute to the dead who had told them and to the past which was buried with them.

The Irish storyteller's audience were not children; they were grown-up people, and it was for them the stories were told. Just as those of us fond of music never tire of certain tunes, so this folk-tale audience insisted on hearing again and again the old favourites. Both storyteller and audience were conservative and would permit of no change in the narrative. Tales must be passed on unaltered. Note the

common endings of tales: *Siné mo sgéal-sa, ní mise chúm ná cheap é : Diarmuid Ó Sé a chuala á rá san mar sgéal fadó—Ní chuirfead bréag ar a' marbh. Sin sgéal chó fíor agus thit sé riamh amach.*

I have not space to deal with the custom which more than anything else has helped to preserve our oral-literature—the subject would take a paper all to itself. This is the custom of visiting neighbour's houses, especially during the long nights of winter for the purpose of passing away the time—*chun na huíhe a mheilt.* It is not a custom peculiar to Ireland, but is I think more marked here today than anywhere else. It is unquestionably an ancient observance, of significance to the student of the social and literary history of the middle ages. I have known of storytellers, or of those who were interested in hearing stories told, going long distances across difficult country to hear certain stories told or to refresh their memory of other tales. Some of these men had amazing memories. I took down three-fourths of the long tale *Diarmuid and Gráinne* from the recital of a Kerry storyteller who had heard it read out of a book twice—to his dying day he regretted not having heard the rest of the tale. I did this of set purpose, simply to show how he remembered, word for word in agreement with the printed text, this literary tale. Some of the *répertoires* of these storytellers were very large—I have made lists of 200 items from individuals—and no matter how many of the tales were written, the list seemed to remain at about the same level!

The section of Irish storytelling known as the Fenian tales, while not a *guth gan chabhair choigcríche* as Keating would say, is indigenous and something quite on its own in the field of European storytelling—there is nothing like it outside Gaeldom. Some of the Fenian tales current orally are not found in Med. or E. Mod. Irish literature; others again can be shown to have come directly from MSS., but where did the MS. versions come from—their genesis is to be found in the inventive genius of the Gael. It is a difficult matter this question of the relations between oral and written literature, and it is not an Irish question only. Some of the

matter, the motifs in Fenian lay and story, one finds in other literatures—and on occasion the main themes : they may be loans from an oral Gaelic source or loans from outside. One of the best-known poems of the eighteenth century, which many of us remember from our school-days, is *Oisín i dTír na n-Óg* by the Clare poet, Mícheál Coimín. The poem is based on a folk-tale of which there are many versions ; it tells of the adventures of the famous warrior of the Fianna in the Land of Youth, to which he has been enticed by Niamh of the Golden Hair. At last he wearies of the deathless land and is filled with longing for his own country. He leaves his supernatural wife and, on a fairy horse, revisits Ireland. But here all is changed : his friends and comrades are all dead and gone ; their high-deeds are but a memory—the subject of a winter's tale. He has been warned not to touch the soil of Ireland ; but, while attempting from horse-back to help some men engaged in lifting a stone, he falls from the saddle and becomes a withered old man. Obviously an Irish tale, some may say. But the facts are otherwise ; the tale is known in countries as far removed as Corsica and Russia. In the Russian version a man sets out to find the island, far away amid the ocean waves, where there is no death ; in Corsica it is told of a mortal who finds the land of youth, but returns to earth where, in attempting to help a waggoner whose vehicle has stuck, he falls from his horse and meets the death he had so long eluded.

It is to the activities of the Gaelic League and, in particular, through the interest in oral literature of two of its founders—Eóin Mac Néill and Douglas Hyde—that the national, linguistic and cultural importance both of the folk-literature of the Gaeltacht and of its hereditary custodians is now generally recognised. But for these and others like them—Joseph Lloyd and Pádraig Ó Laoghaire, William Larminie and Jeremiah Curtin, Pádraig Ó Siocharú and Fíonán Mac Coluim (to mention but a few)—there would today be few tales to collect or few songs to sing.

Seamus Ó Duilearga

GORMANSTON CASTLE IN IRISH HISTORY

BY AUBREY GWYNN, S.J.
University College, Dublin

GORMANSTON CASTLE, as those who have visited it will remember, is not itself a relic of medieval days. The present buildings, with one notable exception, do not go back beyond the early nineteenth century. The exception is a little chapel, standing apart from the Castle, with a significant date over its doorway : 1687. It was built in the brief period of Catholic revival under James II, which came to a sudden end, not far from Gormanston, at the battle of the Boyne. A mile away across the fields is the village of Stamullen, with a more ancient relic of Catholic days—the medieval parish church, now a picturesque ruin, standing in the middle of an ancient cemetery. The old church dates from the fifteenth century, but there is a record that Hugh de Lacy granted the church of Stamullen to the Augustinian priory of Colpe near Duleek as early as 1183. The late Father Paul Walsh was for a time (1929-32) curate in Stamullen ; and inevitably, he made notes as to the history of the parish.[1] He traced the story of the old church through the medieval period to the sixteenth century, when it passed into Protestant hands and was allowed to fall into ruin. Mass must have been said for the neighbours during that period in the private chapel of the old manor at Gormanston. The present attractive chapel, dating from 1687, is thus another monument to Catholic survival and a sad witness to the frustration of Catholic hopes under James II.

Gormanston must have housed many an old book and record in its more prosperous days. Three ancient records survive, which throw light on the history of its owners and the part they played in the political life of this country. Of these the most famous is the Gormanston Register, which is still in the custody of the Preston family. It has been in their safe-

[1] All the notes will be found at the end of the article.

keeping for the past five and a half centuries. A very competent English Calendar (with full Latin text of the more important documents) was edited by James Mills and M. J. McEnery in 1916. The editors describe the volume as containing 223 parchment folios, measuring each approximately $10\frac{3}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It has an ancient binding of heavy oak boards covered with stamped calf-skin.

This old Register was compiled by Sir Christopher Preston, son of Sir Robert Preston the first Baron Gormanston, who was for many years Chief Justice of the Bench of Common Pleas in Ireland. Sir Robert was knighted by the Duke of Clarence in 1361, and died in 1396. He was succeeded by his son Christopher, who evidently took a keen interest in the title-deeds of the various lands owned by the Preston family. To quote the editors of the Calendar : " Having now inherited his father's estates and being settled in his chief manor of Gormanston, he seems to have turned his attention to the family muniment chest. Two generations of lawyers, and several marriages with heiresses representing some of the great houses descended from the chiefs of the Norman settlement had added much to the large mass of ordinary conveyances of lands or houses which represented the accumulation during three generations of active business men steadily building up the family property. All helped to fill the muniment chest at the chief manor house at Gormanston." Sir Christopher must have looked upon the old deeds largely in the light of their antiquarian interest. " Though the primary purpose of his book was to preserve in convenient form a record of the evidences of the titles of the family estates, he happily admitted into the collection transcripts of many early documents, including some of the largest entries in the book, which did not relate to property ever in the possession of his family and which could have interested him only as an antiquary. Many of these early documents would have remained unknown to history but for Sir Christopher's happy preservation of them here."

The Gormanston Register is thus an important repository of Irish medieval history. But it is, of course, primarily a

record of the possessions of the Preston family; and it helps us to trace the origins of this important "Old English" Catholic family in Ireland. They first appear as substantial merchants in Lancashire, holding property towards the end of the thirteenth century in Preston—which lies almost opposite Drogheda on the Irish coast. By marriage they were connected with a family of tailors in Preston, many of whose deeds appear in one section of the Register. Three brothers made the fortune of the family in the early fourteenth century. The two eldest, William and Richard, appear in the neighbourhood of Drogheda in or about 1307. They were merchants, trading between England and Ireland, making the most of the opportunity given them by their Lancashire connections.

Once again to quote the editors of the Calendar: "The rich plains to which Drogheda and Dublin afford access from the sea were at this time great wheat-producing lands. The wars of Edward I had drawn freely on these parts for the supply of grain for the maintenance of the armies in Wales and Scotland, and even in Gascony. The already extensive wine trade of Drogheda was further stimulated by large demands for supplies of wine for Edward's armies in his Scottish wars. These demands led to greatly increased traffic between Drogheda and Scotland and the North of England. Wine could be brought from Bordeaux more directly to Drogheda and thence to the military base at Carlisle, or on the west coast of Scotland, than by the use of any English port. The long continuance of these wars may well have given the impression to the Preston people that the trade centres were passing to the other side of the sea and that the ports there offered a more active field for their energies, ambitions and capital."

Roger of Preston, the youngest of the three brothers, came across from Lancashire some years after his two merchant brothers, about 1326. He was a lawyer by profession and was soon appointed second justice of the Justiciar's Court (later the Court of King's Bench). He seems to have held this office until his death in 1346, when he was succeeded by this son, the future Chief Justice, Sir Robert de Preston. It

was this Robert who bought the manor of Gormanston from a former Justiciar, Aumary de St. Amand, in 1363. Ten years earlier he had married Margaret, only surviving daughter of Sir Walter de Bermyngham of Castlecarbury, Co. Kildare. During Sir Robert's lifetime his son Christopher, the compiler of the Gormanston Register, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir William de Loundres, the last of a family which (among other prominent Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland) had given Dublin a famous Archbishop. Elizabeth could trace her descent to some of the greatest figures in the Hiberno-Norman world: Maurice FitzGerald, Hugh de Lacy, and others less famous. There were thus many great names on the title-deeds of the various lands that had come by marriage to the prosperous lawyer-family from Preston. Sir Christopher may be pardoned if he took some pride in his possessions, and we have reason to be grateful to him for his careful preservation of the family's records. The Gormanston Register is a model of its kind, and its editors suggest one good reason for its fine execution: "Sir Christopher had for a time been connected with the Chancery as deputy-keeper of the Great Seal, and he may have borrowed one of the clerks of the Chancery to commence the transcription of the title-deeds into this Register."

So much for the first, and the most famous, of the surviving records of old Gormanston Castle. Our second document is no longer at Gormanston, but is now Laud Misc. MS. 526 in the Bodleian Library. It has been edited by Sir John Gilbert, who describes it briefly as follows: "It contains Annals of Ireland from 1162 to 1370, and consists of forty-one leaves of vellum and paper, eight inches in length by five and a half in width."[2] There is an ancient tradition, dating from before the time of Sir James Ware, which ascribes these Anglo-Irish Latin Annals to Pembridge; and this tradition seems to be derived from a second copy of these same Annals in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.[3] Gilbert, who makes no mention of this Dublin copy, has confused later scholars by his refusal to accept Pembridge as the author of these Annals, which he invariably cites as "the Laud MS." But the Dublin copy

has a note, in the middle of the entries for the year 1347, which gives definite information on this point: *Hic finitur Cronica Pembrig.* Internal evidence points strongly in the same direction, and we may safely conclude that the bulk of these Anglo-Irish Annals, down to the year 1347, were written by Pembridge, of whom nothing is known apart from this work. His Annals were continued to the year 1370 by some unknown contemporary chronicler (there is some reason for believing that he was a Dominican friar from the convent at Trim); and the two surviving copies, one at Oxford, the other at Trinity College, give us this later, revised edition of Pembridge's Annals.

These Annals twice mention the Preston family. Under the year 1361 there is an entry recording the death of two noble ladies of the Englishry in Ireland: Joan Flemyng, wife of Sir Geoffrey Trevers, and Margaret Bermyngham, wife of Sir Robert Preston. Margaret died on the vigil of St. Margaret and was buried in the Dominican convent at Drogheda. A few years later (1367) there is a further entry, recording a great war between the Bermynghams of Castlecarbury in Kildare and the men of Meath. Apparently the surviving members of the Bermyngham family resented the fact that, on the death of Walter de Bermyngham in 1361, his sister Margaret, Sir Robert Preston's wife, became sole heiress to the family estates. Margaret died within a few weeks of her brother, and Sir Robert was thus able to claim ownership of Castlecarbury and other extensive Bermyngham estates. Hence the feud between the Bermynghams of Kildare and the men of Meath, where Sir Robert was an important landowner. The Annals continue the story: "Then Sir Robert Preston, knight and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, placed a strong guard in Castlecarbury and spent much money on the defence of his rights through his wife against the King's enemies." But his labour was, for the most part, in vain. Next year we read in these same Annals that the Prior of Kilmainham, Thomas Burley, who was then the King's Chancellor in Ireland, with John FitzRicher, Viscount of Meath, Robert Terell, Baron of Castleknock,

and many others, were captured by the Berminghams and their supporters at Carbury. The Chancellor was not released from his captivity until his party in Meath had released in exchange James Bermyngham, who lay in fetters at Trim Castle on a charge of treason. In the end, if we may judge from the evidence of his son's Register, Sir Robert de Preston succeeded in holding no more than two manors of the great Bermyngham estates: Kells and Shambo in Co. Kilkenny.

The connection between the Oxford copy of Pembridge's Annals and Gormanston Castle is plain from a note at the end of the book: *Iste liber constat Domino Willelmo Preston Vicecomiti de Gormanstoun.* The William Preston here named as the owner of the book is the second Viscount Gormanston, who succeeded his father, the first Viscount, in 1503. The Preston family had prospered throughout the fifteenth century, and Sir Robert, grandson of Sir Christopher who had compiled the Gormanston Register, was appointed Deputy in Ireland for the Duke of York in 1478. His appointment was dated May 5, and three months later (August 7) the new Deputy was created Viscount Gormanston by letters patent of Edward IV. The exact date of the present ruined church at Stamullen can no longer be determined, for the ruins are almost smothered in ivy. But it is very probable that this fine old church dates from the fifteenth century and that it was built at the expense of the Gormanston family in the days of their greatest worldly prosperity.

The first Viscount Gormanston died on April 9, 1503. His son, who died in 1532, just before the religious troubles under Henry VIII, made provision in his will for the foundation of a chantry in the parish church of Stamullen "to syng for me, my wief and all mine ancestors and children, and all christen souls."[4] This son is the William whose name appears at the end of Laud MS. 526. Like his father he was a prominent member of the Irish Council. He was especially active in the campaign of 1504 under the Earl of Kildare, which ended in a crushing defeat of the Irish forces under Clanrickarde at the battle of Knock-Tuagh. Kildare's army in that campaign was composed partly of Anglo-Irish lords with their followers

from the Pale, partly of Irish chieftains from the North. The Anglo-Irish *Book of Howth*, which was compiled about the middle of the sixteenth century, has a vivid account of the battle and of the discussion that took place before it in the Earl's council of war. When the battle had been fought and won, Lord Gormanston made a comment that is recorded as follows in the *Book of Howth*: "When the battle was done and a great number of the Irish slain, as it was reported nine thousand, the Lord of Gormanston said to the Earl, 'We have done one good work, and if we do the other we shall do well.' Being asked what he meant, he said, 'We hath for the most number killed our enemies, and if we do the like with all the Irish that we have with us, it were a good deed.'"

Henry VIII had no reason to question the loyalty of such a councillor, and Viscount Gormanston was named Lord Justice of Ireland in 1515. His name occurs frequently as a member of the Council in the early State Papers of Henry VIII, and his place was taken after his death by his eldest son, Jenico, third Viscount Gormanston. But the increasing conflict of conscience between the claims of Catholic faith and the demands of Tudor monarchy in the sphere of religious practice accounts in part for a change of attitude as between father and son. The *Book of Howth* contains a curious description of the principal Anglo-Irish lords in the sixteenth century, which the compiler tells us that he had "by conference with certaine gentlemen attendant upon Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy, who excelleth in that knowledge." In this document Jenico, "Baron" of Gormanston, is noted as "waxing Irish."[5] At an earlier date (1537) Lord Grey and other members of the Irish Council had sent Thomas Cromwell an unflattering description of the new Viscount Gormanston's manner of life: "a man of fayr possessions, and but of a meane witte and les activitie, keping in maner no men, neither making defence for the cuntrey."[6]

William, the second Viscount, was a member of the Council under the Earl of Surrey in 1520-21, and that connection explains a note which has been added in a seventeenth-century hand on a fly-leaf at the beginning of the Laud MS.: "The

author of this booke is unknowne. It was brought (as is supposed) out of Irelande by the Lord Thomas Howarde, Duke of Norfolke, Lord Threasorer and Earle Marshall of Englande, when he was Earl of Surrey, and Lorde Lieutenant of that realme, in anno xi regni Regis Henrici Octavi, and of late yeares given by the Lord William Howarde, yongest sonne to Thomas, late Duke of Norfolke, unto the learned and judicious antiquarye, Mr. William Camden, who put the same in printe inserting itt into his Brittannia, and by him given to George, Lord Carew, in anno 1619."

The book's history can thus be traced, with fair accuracy, from the late fifteenth century when it was written (to judge by the handwriting) to the middle of the seventeenth century. It was either copied for the first Viscount Gormanston or was bought by the second Viscount after 1503. By 1519-20 (the eleventh year of Henry VIII) it had passed into the hands of the Earl of Surrey, probably as a gift or loan from Lord Gormanston—the note of ownership at the end of the MS. may well have been added as a reminder to the nobleman who borrowed it. Thomas, Earl of Surrey, became third Duke of Norfolk on his father's death in 1524. He died in 1554 and was succeeded by his grandson, Thomas, the fourth Duke. This little volume was never returned to Gormanston, but passed into the hands of the fourth Duke's younger son, Lord William Howard, who gave it to Camden early in the seventeenth century. The text of these Anglo-Irish Annals appeared in print for the first time in the 1607 edition of Camden's *Britannia*, with the following note by Camden himself: "Thus far forward was the printers press a going, when the Honourable Lord William Howard of Naworth, for the love that he beareth unto the studies of antiquity, willingly imparted unto me the manuscript Annales of Ireland, from the yeere of our Salvation MCLXII unto the yeere MCCCLXX." Before his death Camden gave the little volume to Carew, and Carew gave it to Laud. On Laud's death it passed, with the Bishop's other manuscripts and papers, to the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

These dates rule out a tempting hypothesis, which is

suggested by a statement in Edmund Campion's Preface " To the Loving Reader " at the beginning of his *Historie of Ireland.* Campion names Giraldus Cambrensis as the main source of his narrative, so far as Giraldus could take him. He adds : " where Cambrensis endeth, there beginneth a nameles Author, who in certaine short notes containeth a Chronologie until the yeare of Christ 1370." There can be little doubt that Campion is here alluding to the Anglo-Irish Annals, of which Laud MS. 526 is a copy, for his *Historie* quotes from them freely. Campion's Preface is dated from Drogheda " the 9. of June 1571." His earlier Dedication to Lord Dudley is dated from Dublin " 27 May 1571." It is known that the future Jesuit martyr was compelled to leave Dublin by the increasing vigilance of Government spies in that month, that he went first to the Barnewall family at Turvey, some eight miles north of Dublin ; then from house to house, seeking refuge with Catholic friends and patrons, until he reached Drogheda, whence he set sail for England in June 1571. Could he have stayed for some days at Gormanston Castle and have there read this copy of the Anglo-Irish Annals ? Jenico, third Viscount Gormanston, had died in 1560 and had been succeeded by his eldest son, Christopher. But the family was still staunchly Catholic, and there is no doubt that young Mr. Edmund Campion from Oxford would have been a welcome guest. Gormanston lies a few miles south of Drogheda, and would have been an obvious house of refuge for Campion before venturing into the town for the last short stage in this adventurous journey.

But the note in the Laud MS. makes it almost certain that this text of the Annals had left Ireland with the Earl of Surrey fifty years before this date. Indeed it is open to question whether Campion ever had access to the Latin original of these Anglo-Irish Annals. Extracts from them had been translated into English by Philip Flattisbury in 1517 for the use of the Earl of Kildare ; and Campion seems to have used these extracts during his stay in Dublin (1570-71). That at least is the most reasonable conclusion to be drawn from his own statement in Chapter II : " From the Conquest

hitherto *Giraldus Cambrensis*, and from hence to the yeare 1370 I am specially holpen by certaine briefe extracts, whose author is namelesse, and therefore I quote him by the name of *Philip Flatsbury* who wrote them, and enriched them with collections of his owne, for *Gerald* the father of the Earle of Kildare then being. An. 1517."

We come now to the last of the three Gormanston documents which I propose to discuss in this essay. It is a fifteenth-century copy of the Irish version of an important English tract, the *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*. Until a few years ago, though it was certain that some local Irish version of this tract existed at least as early as the reign of Henry V, no copy was extant earlier than the seventeenth century. Anglo-Irish history suffered a severe loss when the late Miss Maud Clarke was stricken down six years ago. She had made a special study of English and Irish medieval Parliamentary procedure, and her essays, as collected recently in a single volume, are models of their kind. In 1933 she published an important article on " The Manuscripts of the Irish *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*."[7] Her article was the consequence of a most interesting discovery. A fifteenth-century copy of this rare text had at last come to light, as far afield as in the Huntington Library, California. Miss Clarke was able to identify this document as the authentic original text which had been in the possession of Sir Christopher Preston, the compiler of the Gormanston Register. Since her article may easily have escaped the notice of Irish scholars, I summarise her conclusions here. As will be seen, this discovery adds a new chapter to the political history of the Preston family in medieval Ireland.

The document is not in book-form, for the whole text of this little tract has been written on a sheet of vellum measuring $15\frac{1}{2}$ by 19 inches. The writing is very small, but legible—save towards the lower half of the right-hand edge, where the document has been gnawed by rats. Were they Irish rats or English rats ? The chances are almost even, for (if Miss Clarke's reasoning is correct) this ancient record lay for two hundred years in Gormanston Castle, and was then hidden

away for another three hundred years among the muniments of the Egerton or Ellesmere family, who were for a time Dukes of Bridgewater. In 1917 the Bridgewater or Ellesmere collection of manuscripts was purchased by the Huntington Library; and this Irish document came to light when the collection was being examined and catalogued in California. Miss Clarke obtained photographs of the document and the seal attached to it, and her conclusions are based on this new evidence.

To begin with the story in 1418. By good fortune we have a continuation of the older Anglo-Irish chronicle (for the years 1406-1428) by Henry of Marlborough, an English-born priest who was vicar of Balscadden, Co. Dublin, in the early fifteenth century. Part of the manor of Gormanston lay in the parish of Balscadden, so that Marlborough is good authority for any statement about the Preston family. His story is that, on the feast of SS. John and Paul (June 26) 1418, the Earl of Kildare, Sir Christopher Preston and Sir John Bedlow were arrested at Clane and held prisoners in Trim Castle, on a charge of wishing to enter into negotiations with Thomas Butler, Prior of Kilmainham. From an entry on the Close Rolls of Henry V, dated November 1, 1418, we know that Bedford, Henry V's Regent in England, ordered the King's Lieutenant in Ireland, John Talbot, to send these three prisoners to London, there to appear before the King's Council at Westminster on February 3, 1419. Now this John Talbot is the notorious Talbot of Henry's Welsh campaigns, who came to Ireland as the King's Lieutenant in 1414 and soon made a name for himself throughout all Ireland for his slaughter of the Irish poets and Irish chieftains. For the next thirty years Talbot and the Butler family were rivals in a long struggle for power in Ireland, and the arrest of these three Anglo-Irish lords in Clane is a minor incident in this struggle. Talbot was no friend of the Irish; nor does it seem probable that he would show much consideration for the claims of those "Old English" lords in Ireland who were seeking to assert local rights as against the King's authority. The three prisoners in Trim Castle would seem to have had a poor chance of lenient treatment from such a man.

Yet the evidence of an exemplification added to this text of the *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum* is proof to the contrary. To quote Miss Clarke's statement of the facts: "The story told in the exemplification clauses is extraordinary enough to strain credulity to its limit. The Irish *Modus*, written on a parchment roll, was found on Sir Christopher Preston when he was arrested at Clane; it was solemnly exemplified by the Lord Lieutenant and his Council at Trim on January 9, 1419; at the same time the coronation oath of the King was also exemplified, and on January 12 letters patent were issued to give a public ratification to the whole business. The Irish *Modus* with its codicil was, in effect, the Magna Carta of Ireland, a declaration of the supremacy of Parliament and the law. Talbot, the Lieutenant, was a strong fighting man and the champion of the English interest. How could it come to pass that he should give official sanction to a document subversive of royal rights and found upon the person of the prisoner?"

Until the discovery of the original text in California, this exemplification clause was known only from two or three seventeenth-century copies; and it was possible to meet these difficulties by the assumption of some unknown forger's work. But Miss Clarke was convinced that the document now in the Huntington Library is in fact the original roll which was found upon the person of Sir Christopher Preston at Clane and which was later exemplified by Talbot at Trim. Her explanation of this curious incident in Anglo-Irish political history is best given in her own words: "Talbot's motive in consenting to the exemplification remains obscure, though no doubt the provoking cause was the summons of the prisoners to England. He evidently feared the outcome and hastened to compound with his enemies. Perhaps his consent was given in return for a promise of silence: a tacit indemnity bartered for a Charter of Liberties." The bargain struck at Trim was thus an incident in the long feud between the Irish Butlers, who are represented in this episode by the Prior of Kilmainham, and the English Talbots. To save his own position in Ireland, Talbot seems to have bartered away the King's claim

to an overriding jurisdiction over the Irish Parliament. Sir Christopher Preston thus appears (to quote Miss Clarke) as "almost the first champion of the Anglo-Irish Parliament." We shall see that he was not the last in the Gormanston family to make a bold stand for Anglo-Irish parliamentary rights.

How can this fifteenth-century roll have found its way from Ireland to the muniment room of the Ellesmere family? Miss Clarke has answered this question by a brilliant piece of historical reconstruction. Her argument begins with the admitted fact that three extant seventeenth-century copies of this tract can be dated as having been made between the years 1611 and 1632. One of these copies was used by Selden for the second (1631) edition of his *Titles of Honour*. Selden's copy was derived from a copy made by William Hakewill, a lawyer and antiquary of the early seventeenth century. A third copy, now T.C.D. MS. E.3.18, was made for Daniel Molyneux, Ulster King-of-Arms, who died in 1632. It has a note stating that "This is a true copy of the exemplificacioun under the greate seale of Ireland, remayning in the hands of Sir Ro. Cotton, Knight." Cotton's famous library was sequestrated by royal order in 1629. The Molyneux copy would thus seem to have been made before that date. The Selden copy is probably later than 1611, for Selden says nothing of the Irish *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum* in the first edition of his *Titles of Honour* (1611).

Now the first Lord Ellesmere, Thomas Egerton, was Chancellor of England from 1603-1617. The Irish roll is to-day in the Ellesmere collection. Could it have found its way into Lord Ellesmere's muniment room about this time? A dramatic episode in Anglo-Irish history suggests a probable clue.

In 1613 the Irish Parliament met for the first time since 1586. Inevitably, there was a sharp tussle for power between the Old English Catholic group and the new-comers who formed the backbone of the English government in Elizabethan Ireland. Chichester was Deputy, and he had secured a Protestant majority by creating 39 new boroughs and adding two additional members for the new University of Dublin.

Ten of the Catholic lords protested against this new electorate and refused to attend the meetings of the Upper House. Their leader was Jenico Preston, fifth Viscount Gormanston, who had succeeded to his father's title on Jan. 27, 1599-1600; he was grandson of the elder Jenico, whom the compiler of the *Book of Howth* had noted as "waxing Irish" half a century before this date.

More drastic action was taken in the House of Commons. Here the Catholic party demanded a purge before the election of a Speaker. The Crown's nominee for that appointment was Sir John Davies, but the Catholic members elected Sir John Everard as their candidate. What followed is best told in the words of a petition sent in by the Catholic members after the uproar: "Sir Olyver St. John, with others with like violence and force, thrust the said Sir John Davyes into the Speakers chair upon the saide Sir John Everard, and the treasurer, Sir Richard Winckfelde, Sir Olyver St. John and the rest, taking hold of Sir John Everard pulled him downe to the grounde, toare his gowne, hurte his arme and his legge." The official Protestant version of this edifying scene is given in a paper now among the Carew MSS. at Lambeth: "Mr. Treasurer and Mr. Marshall [Wingfield], gentlemen of the best quality, took Sir John Davies by the arms and lifted him from the ground and placed him in the chair upon Sir Everard's lap, requiring him still to come forth from the chair; which he obstinately refusing, Mr. Treasurer, the Master of the Ordnance, and others whose places were next the chair, laid their hands gently upon him and removed him out, and placed Sir John Davies quietly therein."

Whichever of these two versions we choose to believe, it is certain that the Protestant party were too strong for the Catholic members, who ended the disorder by leaving the House of Commons in a body. All this took place on May 18, 1613. Soon after their secession the Catholic members of both Houses decided to petition the King as to their grievances. A deputation was sent to London, with Lord Gormanston as their leader and spokesman. Nothing came of the deputation, as might perhaps have been foreseen.

James I was in no hurry to come to a decision, and his unfavourable answer was not given until April 20, 1614. The petitioners had been kept waiting all those months in London, and in the end three of the more prominent commoners were imprisoned for their pains.

Miss Clarke's suggestion is simple and convincing. She believes that Lord Gormanston, as head of this Catholic deputation, brought with him to London the parchment roll which had been found on the person of his ancestor in 1418 and which had been formally exemplified by the King's Lieutenant at Trim in 1419. This historic document was to be a main argument in his plea for the rights of the ancient Anglo-Irish Parliament. The *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*, with Talbot's exemplification, was to be used in this new crisis as "the Magna Carta of the Irish Parliament." But English judges have their own way of dealing with inconvenient constitutional documents. Lord Gormanston's roll was accepted in evidence and then impounded. The Chancellor of the day was Lord Ellesmere, and the document (like so many other official papers of these and later times) passed into his private muniment room, not into the public archives of Chancery. Ellesmere may well have shown his new acquisition to Sir Robert Cotton and to William Hakewill—both of them keen antiquarians, who were in London at the time. But the roll was then lost to sight in the Ellesmere muniment room, where it lay forgotten for three hundred years. Then came a change of owners in 1917. The Ellesmere papers were bought for the Huntington Library and made their way across the Atlantic to California.

The later history of the Gormanston family may be briefly told. Whilst the stormy scenes of May 18, 1613, were bringing Lord Gormanston, the fifth Viscount of that name, into prominence as the leader of the "Old English" Catholic gentry in Ireland, his second son Thomas was already in Flanders, serving (with Owen Roe O'Neill as his fellow-officer) in Henry O'Neill's Irish regiment. It was Ireland's ill fortune that these two able officers should have been rivals and enemies from this early date. Almost thirty years later

they were both induced to return to Ireland as commanders of the Irish forces in the war of 1641. Their private quarrels and enmities do not make edifying reading, even at this distance of time; but it is obvious that the Irish under Owen Roe O'Neill were fighting for a cause that was very different from the traditional rights of the Anglo-Irish Catholic gentry of the Pale. Preston was the son of Lord Gormanston who headed the deputation to London in 1613, and a direct descendant of Sir Christopher Preston, the compiler of the Gormanston Register and the champion of Anglo-Irish parliamentary rights in the early fifteenth century. The quarrel between Thomas Preston and Owen Roe O'Neill was thus well-nigh inevitable, though it did much to injure the Irish cause during the tragic years from 1641 to 1652.

Thomas Preston, Lord Gormanston's younger son, was created Viscount Tara by letters patent dated from Ennis on July 2, 1650. He was succeeded by his son Anthony, who was second Viscount Tara for three short years (1654-57). His grandson, Thomas Preston, third Viscount Tara, was killed by three gentlemen of the Blundell family in 1674, and the title thus became extinct.

Meanwhile the Gormanston peerage had passed from Jenico, the fifth Viscount who died in 1630, to his son Nicholas, elder brother of General Thomas Preston. Nicholas died in 1643, and was outlawed after his death for his opposition to the parliamentary forces. He was succeeded by his son Jenico, who regained the title as seventh Viscount Gormanston in 1660 and who died without male issue in 1691. Like his father, he also was outlawed shortly before his death, and there were some years of anxiety, during which it seemed doubtful whether the family could hold the Gormanston estate. It was the seventh Viscount Gormanston who built the existing chapel at Gormanston in 1687, and Father Paul Walsh has shown that Protestant services were held in it for some time after the battle of the Boyne.[8] The family finally succeeded in holding their estates without sacrifice of their Catholic faith; but the Gormanston title was no longer recognised as lawful by the English government though the family con-

tinued to use it. On the death of the seventh Viscount in 1691, the title passed to his nephew Jenico who died in 1697, and then to a younger nephew Anthony, who held it until his death in 1716. Anthony, the ninth Viscount, was succeeded by his son Jenico who died in 1757; and then by his grandson, another Anthony, who died in 1786.

It was this second Anthony, eleventh Viscount Gormanston, who came near to breaking the continuity of Catholic faith in the Preston family. He had married a Protestant lady, Henrietta, daughter of an English General Robinson; and his only son Jenico was less than twelve years old at the time of his father's sudden death in 1786. The boy's Protestant kinsfolk wished to have him declared a ward in chancery, thereby securing his education as a Protestant gentleman and opening the way to a revival of the legal Gormanston title. But the boy's grandmother, one of the Catholic Trimbleston family, was determined to save the faith of the young heir to the Gormanston estates. She solved her problem masterfully by kidnapping her young grandson and bringing him off with her to Dublin. Dublin was no safe refuge for her purpose, and the Protestant kinsfolk were soon on her track. In despair she appealed to one of Dublin's best known Catholic priests: Father Dixon, who was then parish priest of old St. Michan's. In answer to an urgent appeal from the dowager Lady Gormanston, Father Dixon left Dublin one night with the young Viscount and brought him safely to Paris. There, for the next ten years, he supervised the boy's education until he came of age and was able to return safely to Ireland. More than one effort was made during those years to gain possession of the young Lord Gormanston, and the story goes that Father Dixon had, more than once, to draw his sword in defence of his young ward's freedom.[9]

This twelfth Viscount Gormanston came of age a few years before the Act of Union, which put an end to the Irish House of Lords. But that convenient assembly did justice to the Gormanston family a few days before its own demise. Early

in 1800 the sentences of outlawry, which had been pronounced against the sixth and seventh Viscounts in the seventeenth century, were declared void by the King's Bench; and a committee was then named in the House of Lords to investigate the claims of the Preston family as holders of the Gormanston title. Various stages of the committee's slow work can be traced in the last weeks of the last session of the Irish House of Lords, and a favourable report was finally approved by the House and ordered to be submitted to His Majesty on July 18, 1800. Royal assent to the Act of Union was given on August 1, and the House of Lords, which had been prorogued at the end of July, never met again. But a formal writ of summons to take his seat in the House was issued to the twelfth Viscount Gormanston on August 2, 1800; and that date is the legal date from which the resumption of his title was recognised in the courts of law.

The date tells its own tale as to the political sympathies of the Preston family in that fateful year. But it may fairly be argued in their favour that, in politics and in religious faith, they had never broken with the traditions of their family. As compared with the vast majority of the older Anglo-Irish families in this country, they were part of a small minority that had remained steadfast in the profession of Catholic faith; and, to this day, that is their pride.

AUBREY GWYNN

NOTES

[1] Paul Walsh: *Leaves of History*—Series I (Drogheda, 1930). The rest of this projected series of parochial histories never appeared.

[2] Gilbert: *Chartularies of St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin*, vol. II (1884), p. cxv.

[3] T.C.D. MS. E.4.6. This is also a fifteenth century manuscript, but somewhat earlier than the Laud MS.; see Miss Armstrong, *Edward Bruce's Invasion of Ireland* (London, 1923), p. 73, note 1.

[4] Paul Walsh: *Leaves of History*, quoting from an autograph note by Archdall in the R.I.A. copy of his *Monasticon Hibernicum*.

[5] *Book of Howth*, p. 23. "Baron" is here an error for "Viscount," and the printed text has *Den.* for *Jen.*

[6] *State Papers of Henry VIII.* Part III (1834), p. 435.

[7] *English Hist. Review*, vol. 48 (1933). This essay was reprinted, after Miss Clarke's death, in her *Medieval Representation and Consent* (Longmans, 1936).

[8] Paul Walsh, *Leaves of History*, p. 64; quoting from Bishop Dopping's report of his visitation in 1693.

[9] R. Burke Savage, S.J., in *A Valiant Dublin Woman* (Dublin, 1940), p. 120.

MICHAEL HEALY: STAINED GLASS WORKER

1873—1941

BY C. P. CURRAN, M.A.

WHEN one remembers that much of the most admired work in Chartres is, like our own early art work, anonymous and in crafts that Leonardo stigmatized as mechanical, it does not, after all, sound so very challenging to say that in the death of Michael Healy we have lost one of the greatest Irish artists, one whose life-work is of much greater consequence than the paintings of an Orpen or a Lavery. For thirty years he made stained glass not excelled in contemporary Europe, but I suppose that not one in a thousand who saw it knew who made it. His life was almost that of a recluse, passed amongst a very limited, rarely extended circle of friends ; he exhibited seldom, belonged to no academy, and dropped silently out of life. It is therefore desirable that at least the bare facts of his life be set down so far as they are known to one who had the privilege of his friendship, though not of his intimacy, lest like Hardy's abbey-mason the last fees be not otherwise paid him.

Michael Healy was born out of the heart of our Dublin population in No. 40 Bishop Street on the 14th November 1873. The son of Andrew Healy and Mary Farrell, his parents lived in modest circumstances; his paternal grandfather Peter Healy, an old Repealer, was a Dublin car and cabowner and his grandfather on the other side was a cattle dealer from Carlow. There was nothing in his parentage to turn him towards the arts, but none the less as a child he spent all his pennies on pencils and sat apart incessantly drawing. He went to school and served Mass in Whitefriars Street. His father died when he was a child, and by fourteen Michael was out in the world earning his livelihood, first in Gordon Stewart's the sugar-boilers of George's Street and then for

nearly two years with Haig and Haig Ltd. wholesale spirit bonders in Upper Sheriff Street. In March 1897 he left the latter to join the School of Art, where Mr. Brenan was head master and the sculptor, Mr. John Hughes, teacher of modelling. Healy, however, did not attend this class. What first in those early days struck his comrades, Francis O'Donohoe, Michael Shortall and Edward O'Byrne, was his capacity for drawing and the ease with which he took his anatomy examination, though virtually self-taught from a second-hand copy of Gray's *Anatomy* which he bought in Tara Street.

At the School of Art Healy passed the usual examinations in drawing and won some distinction at the National Competition with a drawing of Michael Angelo's David. His mind was at this time on book-illustration—his two brothers were letter-press printers, one of them showing later a not inconsiderable talent for design—and before he left the School of Art for the Academy he ventured suddenly to London, with a few drawings, in search of such employment. I am told that he was well received by the editor of *Good Words* and that a publisher held out reasonable hope of a book to illustrate if he would remain in London a week longer. But Healy's resources could not hold out and, in fact, he spent his last night on the streets, partly as a necessary economy, partly to see the wretched night life on the Embankment. He joined the school of the R.H.A. in 1898. Its secretary, S. Catterson Smith, testified to his "marked ability and utmost industry" and continued: "Last session (1899) he obtained the Academy first prize for drawing from the life, on which occasion there was an unusually severe competition for that honour." He was however unsuccessful in the Taylor competition, for which he entered with a study of a cabman—a subject to which he later, perhaps atavistically, returned in stained glass.

In 1898 the *Irish Rosary* advertised for an illustrator. Michael Healy called, with some drawings, upon its editor, Father Glendon, O.P., and with this interview there began an intimate and life-long friendship between Dominican and

artist, a friendship that profoundly influenced Michael Healy's career. Father Glendon gave him the post and with it his first commission or rather series of commissions. The issues of the *Irish Rosary* between September 1898 and the end of 1899 have fifty-nine of his drawings, and he did other illustrations for the *Rosary* series of lives of Dominican Saints. These drawings show a sense of character and technical competence remarkable in a new-comer to art. Fr. Glendon was not content merely with attaching him to his monthly. He urged him to go to Florence to continue his studies and, finding Healy more than willing, took the necessary steps to introduce him to the studio of the Florentine painter, de Bacci-Venuti, making the whole enterprise possible by arranging for further illustrations and copying work. These drawings were continued with increasing power after his return, and examples of them may be found in the volumes of the *Irish Rosary* for 1901 and 1903.

Accordingly Michael Healy went to Florence in the autumn of 1899, followed by the good wishes of John Hughes and O'Donohoe, and he remained there some eighteen months. From mementos of his stay abroad it appears that he lodged in the Via Senese, studied in the life-school of the R. Istituto di Belle Arte, had the usual facilities for studying and copying in the galleries, and had amongst his acquaintances Georges La Roche, an attaché to the French Consulate, besides his friend and professor Cav. de Bacci-Venuti who toured Ireland in the following year. Healy spent one holiday with Bacci-Venuti at his villa at Arezzo, where as in Florence there is some of the best of the small quantity of good stained glass in Italy. In Arezzo also are fine Piero della Francescas, and carefully preserved amongst Healy's souvenirs is an Alinari reproduction of Piero's stately Queen of Sheba in its church of S. Francesco. Florence left ineffaceable traces on his work. John Hughes expressed at the time some doubt as to the value of the teaching in its art school—he had probably nineteenth-century Italian sculpture in his mind—but he had none at all about the worth of his residence there. It confirmed and developed Healy's own best quality. In his strong

composition, clear outline and vigorous characterisation one recognises a permanent result of his study. The nobility and gravity of its art answered his own earnestness, and the realism that could exist side by side with the spirituality of the early renaissance chimed with his sense of reality. So far as stained glass is concerned, there is nothing to show that his attention was specially directed either in Florence or Arezzo to the windows of Paolo Uccello or William of Marseilles ; but they may, none the less, have remained at the back of his mind with the decorative murals he studied and his other Italian memories. He never returned to Italy or indeed to any part of the continent, but on the other hand Italy never dropped out of his consciousness—instanced, as I am told, in one small detail by his habit of reading Italian every morning before setting out to his work.

Healy was back in Ireland in May 1901. The years were turning in favour of the returning artist. The growing national consciousness of those days was not confined to the political area or to literature where its first victories were quickly won. It spread to the other arts, where the acceptance of foreign standards was far more indiscriminate and servile. Reference to old Academy catalogues shows how incredibly tame was this subservience to even English painting. The situation was worst in ecclesiastical craft-work, where the intrusion was most intimate. During the period of the nineties very many churches were being built to the indignation of the pharisees, who with particoloured reasons expressed their pain at our change-over from the mass-houses and chapels to which they had gradually accustomed themselves. Unhappily the zeal of our church-builders exceeded their liturgical or artistic knowledge. The Catholic nineteenth century was indeed nowhere particularly distinguished by such knowledge, though seeds were stirring at Solesmes and Beuron. For the most part patrons of church art had capitulated to the commercial age. They were the ready victims of a new salesmanship which was a disagreeable amalgam of business and the appeal of childish pietism. The traffic of the Place Saint Sulpice and Munich was accepted

here as representing some authentic, inexpugnable tradition. Its sentimentality became sacrosanct. Its deliberate playing down to the lowest common denominator of taste was reinforced by the snobbery that so easily and inconsiderately attaches itself to things foreign. The cathedral at Armagh, where the frightful facility of Italian marble and mosaic workers ran riot, became the model and remains the monument of a lost opportunity. Could it be otherwise when the R.H.A. kept its eye on Sir Edward Poynter and South Kensington directed our School of Art ?

Some people thought it should and could be otherwise. A wing of the Irish Ireland movement turned to the restoration of our church art. It had informed leadership in Edward Martyn and Robert Elliott. Edward Martyn's name is permanently fixed in the history of that period ; but the latter is now, I am afraid, a half-forgotten name—and undeservedly so, for he was a man of unusual personality and experiences. He was a convert and practised many of the arts for which he campaigned assiduously. He was widely travelled, had sailed before the mast, was something of a novelist and poet, was painter, etcher and lithographer, exulted in the details of all craftsmanship, and was a hot gospeller of the faith that was in him. The pages of the *Leader* under D. P. Moran and the *Irish Rosary* under Father Glendon were wide open to their surveys and criticism. Nor were they without Irish models to champion. They found an architect of genius in the late William Scott, sculptors in John Hughes, Oliver Sheppard, Albert Power and Michael Shortall, a painter of promise in Francis O'Donohoe, and presently they had in *An Túr Gloine* a work-shop expressly set up by Miss Purser in harmony with the new ideals.

The origin of *An Túr Gloine* is substantially this. When Edward Martyn wished to erect a memorial window to members of his family in Ardrahan, he could find no Irish stained glass artist to his satisfaction and so he engaged Christopher Whall, a distinguished follower of William Morris and foremost in England in urging the return to the practice of medieval craftsmen. In the same years Martyn was a generous

benefactor of the new cathedral at Loughrea and, earning the confidence of Dr. Healy and his successor Dr. O'Dea, he had a prevailing voice in its decoration. He was determined that Irish artists in Loughrea at least should displace the tradesman whether Irish or foreign. But the difficulty in regard to stained glass still remained. In 1903 he placed the commission for the first three windows—the Annunciation, the Agony in the Garden and the Resurrection—in the hands of Mr. Whall with the proviso that the work should be executed in Ireland in such a way that Irish assistants could learn his craft. He had already engaged the interest of Miss Purser in his scheme, who presently found herself committed to a whole new enterprise. Mr. Whall was unable to work continuously in Ireland and so, by arrangement with Miss Purser, he sent over his chief assistant, Mr. A. E. Child, to carry through his designs. At the same time the School of Art, which had been taken over by Mr. T. P. Gill's new department, was drawn into collaboration, and Child was enabled to set up a class in the School which was attended by the neophytes of the new guild, whose members assisted in an existing Dublin studio in the execution of these Loughrea windows.

It was to this group that Michael Healy presently found himself attached. On his return from Florence he had taken up a post as art teacher in the Dominican College at Newbridge, to whose magazine in 1901 he supplied the earliest illustration to any story printed in Irish. But his temperament was ill-suited to the instruction of small boys and he resigned the post. His deeply religious nature had led him much earlier to present himself as a postulant lay-brother at the Dominican novitiate at Tallaght. Had he continued a life in religion, it is interesting to speculate whether modern conditions would have permitted a second Brother James of Ulm or William of Marseilles to emerge in this Order of artists. As it fell out, there were other than painting brushes placed by the novice-master in the hands of the postulant, and he may have feared it would be always so. I think he lived through some difficult days at this period before he welcomed Miss Purser's invitation to join *An Túr Gloine*. John Hughes had

told her earlier of this young man who was then walking across the Alps. "He draws," said Hughes, "a strong line." No appreciation of his work could be more apt. He studied his new craft under Child, and soon after the kiln was first lit in Pembroke Street in 1903 he was showing himself a master. Indeed it is fair to say that in him was emerging the finest stained glass artist that had appeared in these islands since the middle ages.

To estimate the change wrought in our stained glass by *An Túr Gloine* or indeed to judge Healy's own work, one need not enter far into the detail of stained glass-making. Re-stating some of its general principles, one can sufficiently indicate both the direction of the reform and his own general characteristics. Since the arts are directed to the same human effect through different media, technique varies with craft. The approach to stained glass is therefore not through painting and, though the analogy with mosaic is closer, it is still deceptive. As in every other art the excellence of this craft is based upon the right use of its material elements, and decadence follows the failure to observe the particular virtues and limitations of these elements. Stained glass is accordingly not to be judged by pictorial criteria. A stained glass window is not a painting on glass. The craft of the glass worker lies simply in the harmonious arrangement to his design of small pieces of coloured glass bound in grooved strips of lead and maintained by saddle-bars. His primary material is pot metal—that is, precisely such pieces of glass coloured throughout in its molten state as we are familiar with in wine glasses or in chemists' bottles. Their variety of colour is enhanced by various devices of flashing, plating and aciding.

With his eye always on the possibilities of this material, the glass worker begins by making first his small water-colour sketch and then his large cartoon. He cuts and arranges his glass over the cartoon and proceeds to add details of drawing by brushing on brown mineral pigment. But the arrangement of the pot-metal in the leading is of much more importance to the outline than this added pigment. This

added pigment and certain subsequent yellow stainings are fused with the glass, before leading, in a series of delicate and critical firings in the kiln. It is this firing that gives its characteristic depth to the colour of the glass. There are other rectifications and enrichments carried out by methods resembling those of the etcher and mezzotinter before the glass is finally fixed in the grooved lead and set up in its place fortified by saddle-bars. The technical end to be arrived at by all these processes is the utmost translucency of fine colour and, secondly, a design constructed in harmony with the building for which it is planned. All painting interferes with translucency and must therefore be kept rigidly subordinate; it must be bold and simple. Detailed drawing of the kind we are accustomed to in painting is out of place for the same reason and because a window stands at a considerable height. All drawing on glass should be bold and expressive. With the reservation that expressive drawing is good drawing, there is much truth in Ruskin's dictum aimed against a false refinement: "Colour to be perfect must have soft outline or a simple one; *it cannot have a refined one*, and you can never procure a good window with good figure-drawing in it. You will lose perfection of colour as you gain perfection of line."

Painted perspectives are similarly out of place, because they run counter as well to the principles of good wall decoration. But on the other hand good leading, which would appear to be a natural obstacle inasmuch as it excludes a certain amount of light, is really an essential virtue. It emphasises and determines the bold outline, strengthens the architectonic design, and actually reinforces the depth and brilliance of colour. Above all it makes possible that juxtaposition of a variety of small pieces of coloured glass which ensures the glory of a window.

Apart from poverty in conception and design, bad stained glass comes from the neglect of one or other of these very roughly indicated processes. We have all seen church windows where the paint has come off in blotches. This is not stained glass at all, but merely white glass to which enamel or other

paint has been applied. There has been no or inadequate fusion in the kiln, and the paint has flaked off in time. Where unfortunately it still persists there is no translucency. Depth of colour and translucency depend upon experienced and careful firing. Again where there is no proper leading, there is boneless flaccidity. Instead of jewelled morsels firmly composed, there are sheets of glass that invite excessive painting, and both exclude good structure, colour and translucency. The defences against the abuse of the painter's art are thrown down; the window approximates to inferior painting with its spaces filled out with inappropriate designs and a tiresome iteration of "canopy" or "tabernacle" framings. This decadence set in everywhere from the early sixteenth century when the glass workers aped the painters and the painters, who knew little or nothing of the craft, supplied designs to the glaziers. It sank finally to the typical window with which Munich and Birmingham filled our churches, whose counterpart is still being produced and admired in this country. Its only positive quality is a sugary sentimentality centred in the faces. This affectation, multiplied *ad nauseam*, is regarded as devotional. Otherwise the window is null, and this negation of character appears to make an irresistible appeal. It is pietism commercially plugged in.

For all Michael Healy's unique position it would be obviously untrue and unjust to attribute to him alone the improvement in the standard of our glass since 1903. In establishing a studio where an artist took the undivided responsibility for the design of a window and its execution Miss Purser planned on right lines. Within The Tower of Glass from 1915 Miss Geddes produced work of singular vigour, of which examples may be seen in St. Ann's church in Dawson Street. Outside the Tower the genius of the late Harry Clarke was presently—ten years later—to appear in youthful rivalry with his own. Harry Clarke's windows shine with an incomparable jewelled splendour. An artist of great virtuosity he created a world of his own, through which passed strange figures, insubstantial and disquieting, figures whose frailty bear with difficulty the almost insupportable burden

of their glittering ornament. Healy's windows are less exotic, more comprehensively human. They glow with a more mellow splendour, their depth of colour balanced by their equal depth of feeling. They reflect out of his own character the adult sense of religion, the same sense and sensibility that Bellini in such high degree possessed in painting. His figures move about their business with gravity and tenderness, with expressive noble realism. De Maistre wrote that every religion puts forth a mythology in its own likeness. This mythology from the *Golden Legend* and the *Lives of the Irish Saints* Healy transferred to the secondary panels of his windows, finding place there for his sympathy with the little things of the earth, but these mythologies and naiveties have no place in his principal composition. Here surely and undemonstratively but with the unmistakable accent of authority his glowing colour, his strong composition, his expressive line speak his own profound belief.

I have in mind the St. Augustine window in the Augustinian Church in Thomas Street. By some unfortunate circumstance it has been set up in a position where adjacent building blocks the light and, as I understand, directly opposite the place for which it was designed. The light is further obscured by wire-screens. Anyway the window is inadequately seen and only in good morning light. It is a four-light window, its dominant colours ruby and a dark peacock green shot with gold. Above four panels with episodes from the life of the saint great figures attend upon SS. Augustine, Monica and Ambrose. In the background stretch horizontally the gardens of Thalaste and the church of *S. Ambrogio* at Milan. Here is no visionary conception, born out of dream or literary romanticism. It is founded in reality and composed in a mood of grave recollection. These are not shallow, pompous, externalised personages, but the figures of sacred history, charged with experience and feeling. They move, a quiet company, in dramatic unity and with the reserve of the artist's favourite period of Italian painting. A church with a nave of such windows in series—their significance and beauty enhanced by juxtaposition—would become a place of

pilgrimage, not of art-lovers merely but of all who would follow to the sanctuary the procession of saints and doctors.

This work was executed in 1934 and fairly represents the maturity of Healy's art both on the conceptual and technical side. In the following years he was working, for the most part, on the last group of his Loughrea windows (to which we shall presently refer) and on windows in Blackrock College and Clongowes Wood. The *Annunciation* and the *Visitation* in Blackrock are, as in Clongowes, two-light windows exhibiting an extraordinary mastery of blues; the powder blue of the Blessed Virgin's robe making harmony in one with the ultramarine, rust-red and flame colour of the angel of the Annunciation and in the other with the browns and silver of St. Elizabeth, the green of the orchard and the ruby and purple background against which the scene is set. These collegiate windows in Blackrock and Clongowes are conceived and executed in the one spirit of reverie and have a new lyrical, singing grace that contrast with the epical quality of the St. Augustine composition. His last illness cut short the completion of the Clongowes series designed to illustrate the Seven Dolours of the B.V.M. He was beginning to regard these as his *magnum opus*, but he lived to complete only three of them. His work ends with the base and top of the fourth. I am glad to know that the work is being carried on by his friend and colleague Miss Evie Hone, whose windows in Blackrock College and in the Irish Pavilion of the New York World's Fair have placed her in the ranks of the masters. A Gothic artist if ever there was one, she joins vision, power and colour-sense to a scholarship in old and new that lifts her work to a well-nigh unique position. There were already two of Michael Healy's windows in this Clongowes chapel, a two-light SS. Patrick and Brigid set up in 1920 and a three-light St. Joseph in the choir executed in 1916. Of this last window a competent critic, Mr. Thomas McGreevy, wrote years ago: "This is one of the finest windows in Ireland and must be one of the finest pieces of modern stained glass anywhere." It deserves such high praise. The window is a rich harmony of greens, dark reds, vivid blues, golden browns

and orange; its composition very gracious and as rich in invention as in colour. The artist's finely imaginative conception of St. Joseph links it up with the new series of the Dolours of Our Lady. It is not possible to say through what gamut of colours he would have carried the Dolours. The texture of the glass, if one may use the word, is varied by elaborate aciding. The dominant colour throughout is blue relieved by the gold and green of St. Simeon's vesture and the deep greens and ruby of St. Joseph. The second window of the series—the *Flight into Egypt*—is a specially admirable and characteristic work of the artist. Against the blue crepuscular background the little cavalcade moves over a jewelled ground, and one does not know whether to admire more the touching naturalism of the seated Madonna and Child—a Christ-child as tenderly imagined as any in modern art—or the grave preoccupation of St. Joseph with the lantern, every line of whose figure expresses his reverent adoration. It is possible that, as the narrative continued from window to window, the prevailing blue would become subordinate. There is less doubt that he would have maintained the extensive plating and aciding which is one point that distinguishes his late work in 1939 from, for example, the 1916 window already mentioned.

In this matter of aciding Michael Healy was an innovator. It appears first, but in a limited way, in his Enniskillen Convent windows of 1911 and in the panel of his St. Patrick in Donnybrook (1914). As he grew to maturity, be became more resolute and adventurous in pushing his practice to an extreme and debatable limit. Like every other master, he was ill-content to remain for ever within the limits of any technique however admirable, and such experimental ardour is never a thing to be discouraged. There is certainly no question of the value of aciding certain details. But applied to the whole window-surface, except in ideal lighting conditions, it may still be questioned whether the variety in richness and texture acquired by such general aciding compensates for the loss of light and pure colour or—to speak from a baser standpoint—for the prolonged and exacting labour it involves.

From another point of view this late manner seems to the present writer to run too close, for the sake of atmosphere, to the frontier that separates stained glass design from pictorial treatment and to neighbour preciousness, which is the last word with which one would ordinarily qualify Healy's work. In these particular windows of the Dolours, perhaps to preserve a vertical effect, the value of the leading is minimised beyond his usual practice. I can well imagine that, as the windows advanced to deeper tragedy, the artist would have brought other factors into play and gained by the contrast, in which event this criticism would fall very wide of its mark. But in any event one would not willingly be without these lovely and most original works, even though one believes that in the hands of imitators the attempt to copy their manner will lead to decadence. And there is no question at all of their moving effect. I have already suggested the influence of his early study in Florence. The quattrocento saved him—if there was ever any danger of it—from superficiality and stamped his work with high seriousness. But there were other home-grown elements in his make-up. He was a sensitive with a leaning towards naturalism. His faculty of self-expression in these directions grew as he absorbed the spirit of the French glass makers, for there is in French Gothic a quality of sensibility, not so common in Italy, which was very kin to his own nature. These are qualities conspicuous in the windows of which we have been speaking and in all his mature works: a luminous order in composition; a firm characterisation of his personages, helped out by the strong line John Hughes discerned in his youth; and a naturalism and sensibility that expresses itself with the utmost simplicity in the lines of a bowed figure and the quiet gesture of hands.

I have dwelt on these late windows in the Augustinian Church and in Blackrock and Clongowes because they are perhaps the windows most accessible to my readers which at the same time show his range. But to show the variety of Healy's work at different periods I should further contrast with these the St. Patrick window in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Donnybrook, of 1914, and the windows in St. Victor

Protestant Church in Donore Avenue from 1923, or earlier still his work in Enniskillen and in Letterkenny Cathedral. He executed three windows for this church in 1910–11, and any account of his work must make special mention of his great five-light window under the rose window of the south transept. Its subject is St. Columcille at the Convention of Drum Ceat ; with its multitude of boldly differentiated figures and bravery of flags it is a composition of unusual splendour. But if one wants to see a variety of Healy's work in a single church, you must go to Loughrea. This article in fact should not be written except by one familiar with all his work there, and the present writer knows his later Loughrea work only from the colour sketches. From 1903 to 1942 Loughrea is intimately associated with the development of Irish stained glass and, so far as Michael Healy is concerned, it holds his work of every period. This work begins with an angel painted in 1903 for the Annunciation window adapted by A. E. Child from Christopher Whall's design. In the same year Healy began the St. Simeon in the Baptistery, which is (I believe) his first complete window, and at different dates from then until 1940 he executed nine windows in all for this church. Judging from designs and photographs his *Ascension* of 1936 and his *Last Judgment* of 1940, both of them three-light windows, are masterpieces.

Michael Healy's work is in fact distributed over three continents and is not exclusively ecclesiastical. He carried through many armorial windows and played with other subjects in amusing panels : a dejected cabman drowsing on his box, the almost heraldic horse-cloth and the inscription *E finito* hinting the end of the chivalric age, and there is another series in blue and white etched on flashed glass—showing street hawkers and scenes in law courts and country inns. If he had not so devoted himself to the patient and permanent art of stained glass, he might have been . . . who can tell ? He had the capacity to be a very considerable painter of religious murals. I say this on the evidence of his large decorative sense and from certain mass-charts in the possession of Father Glendon.

These have miniatures in water-colour—two of them, a *Crucifixion* and a *Last Supper*, masterly and capable of indefinite enlargement. A monstrance in the same hands shows capacity for design in another direction; and if the great days of black and white work had not passed, he might have distinguished himself in that field. Fr. Glendon had introduced his work to Canon Sheehan in 1901, and in 1904 we find him illustrating the *Triumph of Failure* and *A Spoiled Priest* for Burns & Oates. In the same year Robert Elliott wrote of him as better known for his drawing than for stained glass. That was in the early days of the *Leader* and is an allusion to its special numbers which used to carry a series of Healy's strongly drawn cartoons driving home its vigorous propaganda. He never quite abandoned, though very rarely exhibited, such drawings—some of them political—from the Black-and-Tan days, one of them an anti-Treaty cartoon which had a brief existence at the corner of Cathal Brugha Street. But for the most part they are of Dublin Street scenes: the market in Moore Street, a boot shop in Mary's Abbey, a locksmith's in Charles Street, a funeral at the Brian Boroimhe tavern; many of them are only single figures, but drawn with extraordinary force and economy. Just as extraordinary are his water-colour sketches, of which I at least was wholely unaware until after his death. There must be some hundreds of them. He noted incessantly what struck him in the streets, and in the evening in his solitary lodgings he translated these notes into lightly washed-in watercolour, too often on flimsy paper but with complete surety. Just as in his later years he was profoundly interested in the sombre genius of Rouault, to whose work Miss Hone had introduced him, so in his earlier days he sought out Steinlen's lithographs. In many ways these drawings challenge comparison with Steinlen. Their subjects are the pensioners in our parks, street hawkers, rag and bone men, children swinging from lamp-posts or playing before a Georgian doorway, elder sisters with children, basket women, newsvendors and flower girls, the pathetic preoccupation of mothers, whippet fanciers and men filling up their dockets for the

two-thirty—in short the population of our streets conveyed without caricature or comment but with complete human sympathy. In his middle years he painted a few religious subjects in oils and four or five portraits; and up to the end he spent every Sunday in the country painting oil-sketches, chiefly along the Dodder and in the Dublin hills. They are less personal and less remarkable than his drawings, but they are true nature notes in no way imitative, the best of them being quite admirable sky studies. Few of these drawings or sketches have been exhibited—one or two of them were shown years ago at the first Oireachtas art exhibition, later at occasional Aonachs, and one at the exhibition of Irish art in Brussels in 1930. He destroyed many of them before his last illness, but of those that remain a selection deserve a place in our permanent collections. His name further occurs in the R.H.A. catalogue for 1912, 1913 and 1914, where he showed one portrait and thirteen other exhibits between oils drawings, and in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition 1917.

It was always a matter of regret with Healy that one of his best cartoons for stained glass was not carried through. This was for the Iveagh memorial window in the north transept of St. Patrick's. By some unhappy intervention the commission was withdrawn or fell through, and a very inferior foreign window occupies its place. It may still be hoped that some intelligent patron will enrich his church with this noble composition, of which the colour design exists. In 1928 he designed a decoration in opus sectile for the exterior of the Old Vic in London, but this commission was abandoned in view of a proposed change in the architect's plan. I have seen, too, some impressive sketches for a window in Athlone that remains unexecuted, but these mischances happen to every artist to prove that in his world the customer is not always right. The fact that the very fullest opportunity was not, until his last years, given to the exercise of Michael Healy's genius is not a comment on his work but on contemporary taste and methods. His place was recognised by his colleagues, and he had one or two of those indications of foreign opinion that may or may not be significant. He was

invited in 1910 to join a Pittsburgh firm of glass-makers, and in 1913 the *Union internationale des Beaux Arts et des Lettres* directed by Paul Adam, Rodin and Vincent d'Indy invited him to join their society with the courteous formula: "L'intérêt de vos dernières oeuvres vous ayant designé à notre attention, nous avons l'honneur de solliciter votre présence parmi nous." Such attentions can never be wholly unpleasing even to a man of Healy's singular modesty. Though he was unassuming, he guarded his independence jealously. Once proper relations were established he could accept criticism and suggestion in certain directions, but he was tenacious in any matter touching his craft. He was a very thorough and patient craftsman, loving his tools and delighting in making his own gadgets. And he was as tenacious in his principles as in his methods. Outside his art his opinions, not freely expressed but easily divined, were equally uncompromising. In politics he was not one of those who think it extreme to be merely Irish. But he obtruded no opinions. He was, as I have said, something of a recluse, often moody, naturally reticent, and a growing deafness added perhaps to his taciturnity. His silence had rarely anything repellent in it, and his shy bearing was more often accompanied by a touching gentleness. He was, I think, a great and central Christian artist in his sweetness, humour and strength. He died in Mercer's Hospital on Monday 22 September 1941.

C. P. Curran

THE WORKS OF MICHAEL HEALY

1904	Loughrea Cathedral ...	One-light ...	St. Simeon (Baptistery)
1904	Gorey (Protestant Church) ...	One-light ...	St. John
1906	Loughrea Cathedral ...	Trefoils ...	Heads of Saints (side-altars)
1907	Fairymount (Roscommon) ...	One-light ...	Apse
1909	Rathmines Holy Trinity (Prot.)	Four-light ...	SS. Philip, Peter, Paul, Andrew.
1910	Letterkenny Cathedral ...	Five-light ...	Convention of Drum Ceat
		Two-light ...	Dallan and Conan Caoil
1911	do.	... Two-light ...	St. Helena
1911	Kilmore (Leitrim) ...	... Three-light ...	
1911	Sligo (Dominican Church) ...	Two 2-light One-light ...	SS. Raymundus and St. Patrick
1911–12	Bishop's House, Monaghan ...	Two 2-light ...	Irish Saints
1911–12	Enniskillen Convent ...	Six one-light ...	Six Irish Saints
1912	Tralee (Dominican Church) ...	Panels with Medallions in Sacristy	

1913	Dundalk (Dominican Church)	St. Dominic receiving Rosary		
1913–18	Wallsend-on-Tyne	Two 3-light	...	St. Patrick and Irish Saints
1914	Donnybrook (Parish Church)	Two-light	...	SS. Patrick, Eithne, Fedelm
1915	Cork (Mayfield)	Two-light	...	Christ and St. Thomas
1915	Dublin (Mount Jerome)	... Resurrection Panel O'Shaughnessy Memorial		
1915	Kilmessan (Meath)			
1916	Clongowes Wood College	... Three-light	...	St. Joseph
1916	Dublin (James's St. Prot. Ch.)	Two-light	...	Truth, Justice
1917	Kilsallaghan (Dublin, Prot.)	... One-light		
1917	Cushendall (Antrim, Prot.)	... Three-light		
1918	Lorrha (Offaly, Prot.)	... Two-light	...	Holy Women at Tomb
1919	Dundrum	Three-light	...	St. Catherine
1920 ?	Ballyporeen (Tipperary)	... One-light	...	St. Patrick
1920	Clongowes Wood College	... Two-light	...	SS. Patrick and Brigid
1922	Timahoe (Laoighis) ...	... Two one-light	...	Immaculate Conception and Sacred Heart.
1922	Castlecomer	One-light	...	Capt. Wandesford Memorial
1923	Bridge-a-Chrinn (Louth)	... One-light	...	Agony, St. Thomas, Judith
1923–33	Dublin (Donore Ave. Prot. Ch.)	Three one-light		St. Catherine, S. Victor, Hope
1924	Ballyhaunis Convent	... Five one-light		Christ, Irish Saints
1925	Bushmills (Billy Church)	... One-light	...	Resurrection
1926	St. John's (Newfoundland)	... Circular	...	Good St. Anne
1926	Pittsburgh (Mercersburg Academy)			St. Michael
1927	Loughrea Cathedral	... One-light	...	St. John (E. aisle)
1927	Clarecastle (Clare) ...	... Large one-light		Christ bearing Cross
1928	Warrenpoint (Down)	... Three-light	...	Christ the King
1928	Boston (Sacred Heart Convent)	Three-light	...	Bl. M. Barrat
1929	Bushmills (Billy Church)	... One-light	...	Madonna
1929	Loughrea Cathedral	... One-light	...	St. Anthony (E. aisle)
1929	Arizona (Jesuit College)	...	...	Symbolic Window Passion
1930	Dublin (Four Courts)	... Heraldic	...	Incorp. Law Society
1930	Loughrea Cathedral	... One-light	...	Christ the King (W. aisle)
1930	Wellington (New Zealand)	... One-light	...	Charity (St. Martin)
1931	Belfast, St. Mark's (Prot.)	... Three-light	...	SS. Mark, James, Luke
1931–6	Wellington (New Zealand)	... Two one-light	...	Love, Wisdom
1932	Castlerock (Derry, Prot.)	... One-light	...	Christ blessing children
1932	New York (Church of St. V. Ferrar)		...	From Mr. C. Connick's design
1933	Loughrea Cathedral	... One-light	...	Queen of Heaven
1934	Dublin Augustinian Church	... Four-light	...	St. Augustine
1935	Loughrea Cathedral	... One-light	...	St. Joseph
1935	Bushmills (Billy Church)	... One-light	...	Ecce Homo
1935	Galway (Dominican Church)	... One-light	...	St. Dominic receiving Rosary
1936	Loughrea Cathedral	... Three-light	...	Ascension (W. transept)
1936–37	Blackrock College ...	... Two two-light	...	Annunciation, Visitation
1936–41	Clongowes Wood College	... Three two-light		Prophecy of Simeon, Flight into Egypt, Search for the Holy Child.
1937	Chicago		...	Panels for Mr. Leonard
1940	Loughrea Cathedral	... Three-light	...	Last Judgment (W. transept)

G. K. CHESTERTON: HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J.

A FRENCH critic, M. Las Vargnas, has told us that G. K. Chesterton can be most compendiously described by the term exuberant. To say nothing of the great Johnsonian figure in the voluminous cloak and broad brimmed hat—which made him, no doubt to his own huge delight, like a comic conspirator—it is the appropriate word for the rich imagination which embodies his thoughts and fancies in gigantic and fantastic imagery and in the gorgeous, flaming colours "of the sunset and the seas." It is still more appropriate to his intellect. The rush and press of his ideas seem to be independent of his reading and experience and to come from some inexhaustible spring within his spirit. Indeed this richness was a positive drawback to him in such *genres* as travel, history, and biography, as it came between him and the objective view of his subject. On the other hand it was the reason why the characters in his novels are such brilliant talkers; a whole crowd could live splendidly on the riches of his mind. Exuberance is also the note of his style, of its rhetoric, its tendency to verbosity, of its "parallelism"—the quality in which Mr. Belloc sees the weapon peculiar to his genius, and which was an extraordinary capacity for proving a point by citing a string of witty and appropriate parallels from a wide range of observation. It is also one of the sources of that gift of paradox in which he excelled all his contemporaries—of that paradox which Mr. Belloc reminds us does not mean "nonsense through contradiction" but "illumination through an unexpected juxtaposition."

But the greatest paradox in that master of the art is not any of the things he said, but something more fundamental. It is this—that the man who was accounted the most modern and original thinker of his day was really the most simple and conservative; that the publicist who was astonishing his

readers by his fresh and personal comment on life was simply repeating—and quite unconsciously during his most brilliant years—the things that had been said for nearly two thousand years by all Christian teachers—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* Even his own most twisted and arresting paradoxical judgments are platitudinous compared with this illuminating contrast between the expression and the substance of his thought, between his manner and his matter. He has been generally taken by the public as a jester, if not as a buffoon, while all the time he has been preaching a philosophy as old as Christianity, which was in fact his own discovery of Christianity. It is only the literal truth that there was no man of letters of his time who was so consistently serious as G.K.C.—that is to say, who was so consistently interested in fundamentals.

It is that aspect of his work which we wish to deal with here—the philosophical foundation of his books, his search for the system of thought by which he lived and passed judgment on his generation. An adequate study of this great man would necessarily have to be something much more comprehensive; it would have to find place for the poet, the novelist, the essayist, the publicist, the social reformer, the literary critic; but these aspects are deliberately excluded in this restricted study. But perhaps it might be noted here that as a literary critic he has not got his due recognition. His studies on Browning, Dickens, Chaucer, Victorian literature, and many essays and prefaces reveal a depth and fineness of judgment, a sensibility to form and feeling, that would have made him a really great critic, if he had not been more interested in ideas than in pure literature. Nor will anything be said of the *man*; and hence a study of G.K.C. which will make no mention of his sheer goodness of heart, his love of all common things, and especially of common people, his genuine humility, his genius for friendship, his deep religious sense, will be very inadequate indeed.

After leaving St. Paul's, Westminster, Chesterton studied art at the Slade school for some time, but everything called him to literature, and he became a journalist. The conditions

of this profession were in many ways disadvantageous to his work. The necessity of being brilliant and suggestive exaggerated his natural gift of epigram ; and hence many readers came to consider him merely as a brilliant writer, who strained after barren paradox, as a purveyor of pyrotechnics which gave more light than heat. While it must be admitted that there are certain pages of his which support that opinion, such pages are few and are the fault of his profession. " Mere light sophistry " he says in the introduction to *Orthodoxy* " is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that it is the thing of which I am generally accused." The simple truth is that he was always concerned with principles and systems. He is never merely the essayist or man of letters and still less the wit or epigrammatist. He spent his life arguing, inquiring, questioning. All the writers of his time found in him a critic who was fearless and powerful, but always courteous and humorous. No man who argued as much as G.K.C. in print and in word left such little bad blood. It is surely a tribute to his talent and character that he could disagree with his age so strongly and yet remain its most popular writer. In all his work he is philosophising, testing contemporary institutions and ideas by his own principles. These principles never changed, except in depth and firmness ; and here again we meet the fundamental paradox of G.K.C., that the most provocative and many-sided man of his day was its most consistent and traditional thinker.

Even in his novels Chesterton is always the thinker ; he employs his immense powers of imagination, invention, and wit to enforce and embody his ideas. In *Manalive*, for instance, in the person of Innocent Smith who makes a practice of eloping with his own wife, he glorifies the Christian idea of marriage ; in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* he glorifies the love of the parish and townland as against cosmopolitanism and big business ; in *The Man who was Thursday* he shows the inanity of anarchism as opposed to the tradition and the love of fundamental human things ; in *The Flying Inn* he

defends the liberties of the poor against the Puritanical legislation of rich faddists; and even his Father Brown stories are something more than first-class detective fiction.

G.K.C. came to his view of life because, in the phrase of Plato, he sought it "with his whole soul." Tradition, authority the instincts of childhood, homely common sense, a vast reading, a sense of the individual value of man, a blessed understanding of the poor, an intelligence as fine, vigorous and balanced as any of his generation, sincerity, true humility, a fine connaturality with what is wholesome and enduring in society,—all these had their part in the shaping of his philosophy. Mystic, traditionalist, optimist, medievalist, democrat, these he was, but never at the expense of reason and intelligence. The formation of his theory of life was like the growth of a tree or the development of a living organism—an advance in fulness, in unified complexity, in firmness, but always in the fullest dependence on the original impulse, always true to the original direction. He has as much right as any man who ever lived to the famous phrase of Tertullian "*anima naturaliter Christiana.*" An intellect massive yet delicate, a disposition sweet and wholesome, orientated him to the Christian outlook on life; his studies showed him that the Christian explanation of life was the only one that could be seriously considered, and then he came to see that the Christian explanation meant the Catholic one. That is the flow of the sap, the line of the grain, in that fine timber. Once his mind got its initial direction and movement, there was no twisting, no arresting, no crises. And perhaps the best way to study that thought is to go with the grain, to see how his philosophy of life came to be formed, to consider it genetically and historically.

While the greater part of his work consists of volumes of essays collected from his contribution to the newspapers, there are certain books *de longue haleine* in which he has expressed his mind with a completeness not possible in disconnected essays; as if at certain stages he felt the need of stopping to look back and survey the road he had come. Such books as *Heretics, Orthodoxy, What's Wrong with the*

World, The Everlasting Man, George Bernard Shaw, The Thing mark definite stages in the growth of his mind.

The *terminus a quo* of his intellectual and moral life is clearly noted by him, and it gave him a direction from which he never swerved. "My first impulse to write and almost my first impulse to think was a revolt of disgust with the Decadents and the aesthetic pessimism of the nineties. It is now almost impossible to bring home to anybody, even to myself, how final that *fin de siècle* seemed to be ; not the end of the century but the end of the world. To a boy his first hatred is almost as immortal as his first love. He does not realise that the objects can alter ; and I did not know that the twilight of the Gods was only a mood. I thought that all the wit and wisdom of the world was banded together to slander and depress the world, and in becoming an optimist I had the feeling of becoming an outlaw." (*Fads and Fancies*, p. 220). The whole philosophy of G.K.C. is contained in germ in that instinctive boy's revolt against pessimism in philosophy and decadence in art and morality. In his Autobiography he speaks of a more fundamental movement of his mind, of certain gropings after truth in spiritualism and of an intellectual struggle in which he sounded the dark depths of doubt, but by the native robustness of his mind justified his confidence in human knowledge and saved himself from scepticism. One of his earliest collections of essays indicates unmistakably that he has found his direction and method. *The Defendant* is a defence of common, simple things, the things which most people would not consider worth defending. A passage in the introduction is genuine G.K.C. in style and idea. He describes, in his unmistakable apocalyptic imagery, a remote valley in some interminable upland, a place strewn with boulders that must surely have been the scene of the stoning of some prehistoric prophet. And he thinks that the primal blasphemy, the unutterable thing at which men stopped their ears, was—that grass was green and that birds sang in the spring. The thread on which these essays are strung, like beads, is the strange law in history by which man tends to underrate his happiness and the things

in life that are of greatest value. Indeed it would not be a bad way of summing up the life's work of G.K.C. to say that he came to reveal to men the common things that they had come to overlook, to show them a new heaven and earth, that was a very old one.

But the first book in which Chesterton may be considered to have expressed his thought with completeness is *Heretics*, published in 1905. The book is simply a defence of philosophy or dogma and maintains that without such a foundation all speculation or reform or judgment, in whatever sphere, is meaningless; that in ethics, in politics, in art, in literature, it is impossible to speak of anything being good or being improved unless there is agreement on what is good and what is better—unless there are principles admitted by all, unless there is dogma. He has a witty fling at the complacency with which his age contemplated its freedom to think as it liked and to discuss all questions at the very time the age had discovered that there is nothing great and fundamental worth discussing. Men have convictions on every small thing, but none on the universe or the meaning of life. "Everything is important except everything." The real nature of man is that he is a rational animal, that is an animal who can have views on the universe, which is dogma. "Trees have no dogmas. Turnips are singularly broad-minded." A philosophy of life must be broad and deep enough to contain all life, and G.K.C. proceeds to attack the philosophy of life of some of his contemporaries whom he calls heretics, because "their view of things has the hardihood to differ from mine." A full philosophy of life will not be found in Ibsen, whose cheerless morality is purely negative and has no positive standards of human happiness or true virtue; nor in Kipling, whose militarism and cosmopolitanism miss the more human loyalties to home and the nation; nor in Wells who feverishly plans utopias without any regard to the real nature of man; nor in the aesthetic subjectivity of George Moore, nor yet in Shaw because of his essential want of humanity. The book is a direct challenge, or rather a vigorous refutation, of the formless chaotic thought of the day. But the main *thesis* of

the book is the necessity of a philosophy of life or a religion. " To know the best theories of existence and to choose the best from them (that is, to the best of our own strong conviction) appears to us the proper way to be neither bigot nor fanatic, but something more firm than a bigot and more terrible than a fanatic, a man with a definite opinion. But that definite opinion must in this view begin with the basic matters of human thought, and these must not be dismissed as irrelevant—as religion, for instance, is too often in our days dismissed as irrelevant." (*Heretics*, p. 299). And what are the opinions G.K.C. himself holds and what religion he considers as not irrelevant is definitely stated. " We who are Christians never knew the great philosophic common sense which inheres in that mystery until the anti-Christian writers pointed it out to us." (p. 305). The author of *Heretics* was thus a dogmatist who held that the chief work of man's reason was to render life intelligible ; who saw equally clearly that the current modern explanations were hopelessly inadequate, and who suspected that the one adequate explanation was to be sought in the Christian religion.

What's Wrong with the World was that rare thing in English-speaking countries, a sociological and philosophical treatise that was a best seller. It was published in 1910 and reflects faithfully the mood of that feverish time. The Liberals had returned to office with an overwelming majority, and social and political reform was clamorously canvassed. There was no cloud of war on the horizon ; the long spell of peace on the continent and the still longer one in England (the Boer war was regarded as a regrettable interruption) had come to be regarded as the order of things ; men or at least Englishmen had evidently entered on a period of social readjustment, which was to be achieved in a civilised way by discussion and Parliamentary action. The guiding principles of the reform was principally the narrow rationalism and utilitarianism of Mill. G.K.C's book deals with the three main questions on which attention was directed : on private property and the home, on feminism, on education. In reality there was only one question, the family, of which the questions mentioned

were only aspects. In the welter of discussion, attack, proposed change, he alone grasps the essentials of the situation. He pointed out that all reformation is a re-shaping, a re-forming of a thing to make it truer to its purpose. When things go wrong, what is needed first of all is an ideal, a theory, a philosophy—the true conception of what is the nature and function of the thing in question. At such a time the idealist is the practical man. Until that is had it is worse than futile to rush in with nostrums and remedies. It is like the administration of medicines at random to a sick man without knowing what is his disease. Any true reformation in that fundamentally human thing the family must be based on a definite doctrine of what is the true good of human nature, what are its rights, what are the certain signs of its improvement. Man has a nature, a function, a purpose; until there is some agreement on these things there can be no question of reform. "The only logical cure for all this is the assertion of a human ideal . . .; it is enough to say that unless we have some doctrine of a divine man all abuses may be excused, since evolution may turn them into uses." (p. 22).

But the best thing in the book is his treatment of the questions connected with marriage and with feminism. The book was written in the very fury of the agitation of the suffragettes. On the narrow question of giving the vote to women G.K.C. would probably be indifferent. But on the more profound question of which this was taken as a symptom, the general position of women, he was by no means indifferent. The suffragette movement was dangerous and subversive because of the supposition on which it rested—that women should get the vote because men had the vote; and that supposition itself rested on a more fundamental and, consequently, a more subversive one, that what was for the perfection and well-being of man was necessarily for the perfection and well-being of women. He attacked this principle in some of the best and sincerest pages he ever wrote. The general direction of his argument is this: A complex organism, whether physical or mechanical or social, is composed of a variety of organs, faculties and functions.

Its perfection will depend on the contrast, the distinction, the opposition, even the clash, of these different constituents, presuming, of course, that there is a ruling principle that will maintain them in subordination to the work of the whole. To reduce the diversity of organ and function is to remove the very notion of an organism ; it is to aim at an artificial and deadly simplicity. The family is the most essential human organism, and if it is to function naturally and happily the natural diversity of its constituents must be respected. On the part that women should play in life, on their psychology, their *rôle* in the family as wife and mother, he writes with extraordinary delicacy and firmness, with the truest Catholic instinct and feeling. As wife and mother a woman has a unique place in human life, for which her nature, temperament, gifts fit her, and which should be kept in view by all legislators and reformers and, above all, educationalists. To call her comrade and speak about liberty, fraternity, and equality is to be impertinent in every sense. To speak about the narrowness of the home is to be blind to the most obvious facts. To make a woman a clerk or typist or factory hand is to narrow her. In an age of growing specialisation she is to stand for a certain universalism ; in an age of professionalism she is to be the great amateur. She is to practise many arts, not for money but for love. She is to do many things ; she is to be a Jill of all trades. To make her the mistress of a house, the provider, teacher, nurse, arbitrer, peacemaker of a family is surely to broaden her. The error of the feminist movement was to fail to recognise in what direction lay the true progress of women ; to think that it consisted in making her more like a man. To those who spoke of releasing her from the drudgery of the home he answered : " If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit the woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colourless, of small import to the soul, then, as I say, I give it up ; I do not know what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labours and

holidays; to be Whitely within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes and boots; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching moral manners, theology and hygiene; I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it." (p. 132).

Throughout the book a love of the common people burns like a clear flame. G.K.C. was one of those men whom the Scripture calls blessed because they understand about the poor. He understood and respected their instincts for privacy, for independence in the home, their sullen resistance to soulless institutional charity, which dealt with them not as individuals but as ciphers, as the subjects for social experiment. The reason of his hostility to socialism was that it aimed at taking from a poor man his private property, and thereby his independence, and one of the chief supports of his human personality. His whole attitude to social reform is contained in a passage in which he denounces a proposal made by certain sociological faddists, that the hair of poor children should be cut for the sake of cleanliness. "With the red hair of one she-urchin in the gutter I will set fire to all modern civilization. Because a girl should have long hair, she should have clean hair; because she should have clean hair, she should not have an unclean home; because she should not have an unclean home, she should have a free and leisured mother; because she should have a free mother, she should not have a usurious landlord; because there should not be a usurious landlord, there should be a redistribution of property; because there should be a redistribution of property, there should be a revolution . . . The winds of the world shall be tempered to that lamb unshorn . . . Her mother may bid her bind her hair, for that is a natural authority; but the Emperor of the planet shall not bid her cut it off. She is the human and sacred image; all round her the social fabric shall sway and split and fall; the pillars of society shall be shaken and the roofs of ages come rushing down; and not one hair of her head shall be harmed." (p. 283). That spirit is not found blowing through many books of social reform of that time. Amid the crowd of politicians, socialists, Fabians, theorists,

reformers, G.K.C. is distinguished by his humanity and his wisdom ; he is the one sober man among a company of random talkers—to use the words of Aristotle about Anaxagoras. In all probability he had not read a word of Catholic social doctrine nor heard of the great encyclicals, but his spirit and doctrine are those of a man reared on the encyclicals of Leo XIII or Pius XI.

What's Wrong with the World is the exposition of G.K.C's. social philosophy, which was the application to society of his personal view of the universe. That personal view he has given in *Orthodoxy*, his greatest and most original book, which bears the most authentic stamp of his mind and manner. It was written in response to a challenge ; it is an exposition of his philosophical and religious views, done from a point of view that was historical and evolutional rather than systematic. " I was a pagan " he says " at the age of twelve and a complete agnostic at the age of sixteen." The religious influences of his family and of his early surroundings and school were slight or negligible and could not stand the questionings that were suggested to him by his immensely active mind and the books he was reading. He read no Christian apologetic ; on the contrary he ranged over the whole field of rationalistic and Agnostic literature. He read himself through the different systems of thought of his time, passing through Materialism, Determinism, Evolutionism and the rest, pretty much as St. Augustine ran the gamut of religious systems—Manichaeism, Scepticism, the Academy, Neo-Plantonism—fifteen hundred years before. The great balance of his nature quite as much as the vigour of his intelligence showed him the inadequacy of these systems. " It was Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind the first wild doubts of doubt." (*Orthodoxy*, p. 137). These philosophers claimed to give an explanation of the universe and of human life—as every philosopher from the very nature of his subject claims. They were all simple explanations, but they achieved their simplicity by leaving out or denying all that was complex or discordant or interesting or noble or

human in life. The world and the life that were left when they had finished their explanations were very poor things indeed. For instance, Rationalism put one in the narrow cell of one idea, and achieved an account of the universe that had the narrow logicality of the delusion of a maniac. Materialism explained everything so simply that it took all the mystery out of life and left it a thing not worth bothering about. Determinism was equally simple and equally complete, but it left no place for the finest things in human life—for hope, courage, romance, and sacrifice. Evolution which had no fixed direction nor standard, but was mere eternal change for the sake of change, reduced all reality, all thought, all life and action to an ever-changing chaos. He listened to all the teachers and prophets of his day—Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Whitman, Swinburne, Shaw, Schopenhauer—and found that they could give no account of the universe which would satisfy his head and heart, and make it a place worth living in.

All the time he was fashioning a philosophy of his own; disengaging the fundamental ideas which reason, experience, instinct and common sense were imposing on him; and trying to fit them into some sort of a coherent pattern. He describes with great fineness what was his " ultimate attitude " to the universe. It was something very distinctive and immensely influential in all his life and thought. It was a strange elemental joy in things, a feeling that life and all common things were very precious, that they were a gift which might easily have gone astray, but whose safe delivery was a great stroke of luck. As a child he felt exactly like Robinson Crusoe making an inventory of the things he had saved from the wreck. How precious they were; what a calamity it would have been if any of them had been lost. "The trees and the planets seemed like things saved from the wreck; and when I saw the Matterhorn I was glad that it had not been overlooked in the confusion; I felt economical about the stars as if they were sapphires (they are called so in Milton's Eden); I hoarded the hills. For the universe is a single jewel, and while it is a natural cant to talk of a jewel as peerless, yet of this jewel it is literally true." (*Orthodoxy*,

p. 99). And with that feeling of joy were other kindred feelings, equally primitive and fundamental—that if things were a gift we should be grateful for them (" The test of all happiness is gratitude ; and I felt grateful, though I hardly knew to whom.") ; and also the conviction that things must be respected, that they must in some way be paid for, that with the gift went certain conditions which must be observed—as in a fairy story.

But this fundamental attitude of joy and gratitude was meaningless in any of the current philosophies. If the world were the result of mechanical forces, if life were inexorably determined at every step and was the working of a blind irresistible urge—it was absurd to speak of a gift or of gratitude or of paying a price. Pantheism, Evolutionism, Materialism made his fundamental attitude simply unintelligible. But what if the world came by creation, if it was the work of a God Who was distinct from His work, Who was infinitely above its failures, its imperfections—in that perspective the whole of life began to fall into a plan, to have a meaning, to be an intelligible and noble thing. Life and the world were then a gift, which might not have been given, which should be received with gratitude, which should be paid for by obedience and restraint. That thought of a personal God Who created the world in love and freely, satisfied completely another of his ultimate convictions, the conviction of Pascal, of the greatness and misery of man. A hundred small but converging indications showed him that man was not in his right place, that he was not at his best, that he was in a fallen state. The Christian doctrine of original sin was the echo of his instinct. G.K.C. saw that in that system he could see the failures in the world and yet thank God, that he could hate the sin of man and yet love the sinner, that the concern of an infinite personal God with life and the universe had somehow given an infinite value to life, had orientated man towards some transcendent destiny. He was thus putting together a view of the world which seemed to work ; one bit after another of the immense puzzle seemed to click into place ; he was beginning to understand life.

Then G.K.C. made a strange discovery. He found that he was not blazing a trail, but that his feet were in a well-beaten track, that he was approaching not the new Jerusalem that he had himself put together, but the old Jerusalem, the Christian Church. He felt as foolish as " the man who landed (armed to the teeth and talking by signs) to plant the British flag on that barbaric temple which turned out to be the pavilion at Brighton." The philosophy of life which he thought was his was as old as Christianity, was in fact the foundation of Christianity. While he thought he had been seeing a new vision of things, a new pattern of the universe, he discovered that it was a vision and a pattern that had been discovered 1,800 years before. The universe had been for him a great lock with a complex system of wards, which none of the skeleton keys of contemporary philosophers would fit. Now he suddenly found at his hand one that fitted perfectly all the complexities of the great lock.

Being thus brought up against the Christian Church in this arresting manner, G.K.C. set himself to study it; and the second half of *Orthodoxy* gives us the process and results of this examination. He found that the Christian explanation took account of all the elements of the problem, that it did not simplify artificially, that it found place for good and bad, for complexity and simplicity, for pessimism and optimism, for realism and idealism, for matter and spirit, for freedom and determinism. He found it to be a huge and heroic sanity of life and view and the best root of human energy and sound ethics. In particular he found that Christianity alone was broad and strong enough to control and harmonize the divergent and discordant virtues. " The modern world " he said " is full of Christian virtues gone mad." Justice and pity, humility and ambition, pacifism and bravery, certainty and doubt—the Christian Church could maintain these in their purity, but could balance them. Since the Reformation " the virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone."

His survey of the history of the Church, its triumph over the heresies that should have killed it in different periods,

its eternal resistance to the diseases that prove fatal to other systems of doctrine and other social organisms, its inhuman or rather superhuman vitality only confirmed his belief in the unique character of the Church. Even its revealed doctrines, mysteries like the Trinity and the Incarnation, came to him like answers to his own unspoken questions, to some deep instinct of what was to be expected in God. Even its revelation, like its whole doctrine of life, gave him the profound impression that he had found what he had been always seeking, that he had come home.

It would not be true to say that after *Orthodoxy* there was no change in the mind of G.K.C. ; he had yet to study the Catholic position deliberately and accept it in Faith. But it is true to say that his pilgrim's progress came to an end ; his way was now different ; it was no longer a personal, a perilous adventure, a voyage in discovery. He had discovered the Church in his dialectic travels ; and all he could do now was to enter and learn the lesson it had to teach. There will be advance in his mind ; he will learn and accept the whole cycle of Catholic truth ; he will hold it with the certainty of Faith. But henceforth he is the learner, not the discoverer.

Later books, like *St. Thomas Aquinas* and *The Everlasting Man*, are the books of a Catholic apologist, who is indeed a man of genius, but who is expounding what he has received. However there is something distinctive and very valuable for our time in this later and Catholic G.K.C. He wears his new Catholic truth lightly—that is to say, he is not hampered or burdened with it ; he can move and fight with all his native agility ; it is a *decus et tutamen in armis.* Perhaps none of his books reveal this last phase as well as *The Thing*, a collection of essays which has the unity of subject of a book. It reveals a certain mellow quality of mind ; a possession of truth that is at once humble and assured ; all the old humour and an enhanced kindliness—if possible. The manner too is less exuberant, less paradoxical, less rhetorical. But there is a noted gain in intellectual strength, and his handling of current controversies and confusion of thought in religious and moral matters is superb Catholic apologetics. HUGH KELLY

ON AUSTRALIAN RANGES

BY GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

AUSTRALIA seems to be at present (November 21) fairly well in the news—in the news that concerns the British Empire. It is a fact that this vast country, till to-day slow to rise to a communal effort—and what wonder, seeing that it is nearly as large as the whole ancient Roman Empire—has risen to the call of a world-war and to an active sense of its own dangers and responsibilities. Australians are, therefore, now "somebody." But, in the past, has not the world outside us in general shown itself very indifferent to Australia and all that belongs to it? It was thought to have no attraction that could compensate for its immense remoteness. "It hasn't," people said, "any Switzerland, any Riviera, any Rhine, any Niagara. And what has it?"

Undoubtedly, Australia has been unhappy in its showmen. Those writers whose words from it and about it found the widest reading public have been on the whole a melancholy and depressing lot. I say this without the slightest desire to depreciate their real merits. Such writers as Henry Lawson, Marcus Clarke, A. L. Gordon, Henry Kendall, have just claims to honourable places in the British literary roll. But how unhappily they and minor writers have coincided in the picture they give of their country! And it was never a fair picture. There *was* something else besides strife with aborigines and with nature; besides deserts, droughts, hunger and death, and all the grim scenery out there "Where the Dead Men Lie." That is the title of fifty-six lines written by a poet named Boake. They run like this:—

Out on the wastes of the Never-Never,
That's where the dead men lie;
That's where the heat-waves dance for ever,
That's where the dead men lie;
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely,
Under the salt-bush sparkling brightly,
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly;
That's where the dead men lie.

To this uncheerful view of material horrors our poets and prosers have added mental and moral ones. So Henry Lawson, after spreading before us his " Great Grey Plain "—a region haunted by mirage and ghosts, by drought and dust, " where beggars tramp for existence," tells us it is not more dreary than human life as he sees it :—

'Tis a desert not more barren
  Than the great grey plain of years,
Where a fierce fire burns the hearts of men,
  Dries up the fount of tears,
Where the victims of a greed insane
  Are crushed in a hell-born strife,
Where the sons of a race are murdered
  On the Great Grey Plain of Life.

By such verse as this, and still more by his prose sketches and tales, Lawson has earned the title of the Australian Zola. He is perhaps the most sincere and typical of Australian writers ; it is all the more regrettable that he, with the others we have referred to, should have served his country ill by his repulsive pictures of what his country is like.

Few have arisen to counteract their influence. And now happily one has appeared—a writer who brings along a book that every Australian will gladly read, re-read and recommend. Here is a book depicting Australian life in bright and charming, yet truthful, colours ; a book that has won immediate success, been sold out at shops and " engaged seven-deep " at lending-libraries. It has gained popularity only by good qualities. It is likely to be welcomed both by the high-brow critic and by the tired shop-hand in the railway-carriage.

Green Mountains, in truth, though it contains less than 150 octavo pages and costs (in Australia) only three and six-pence, provides a variety of matters such as may appeal to all literary tastes.[1] Its plan is peculiar. It opens and goes on for 45 pages with the story of the loss of the unhappy Stinson air-liner which crashed in ruin among the trackless forests of the McPherson ranges between New South Wales

[1] *Green Mountains.* By Bernard O'Reilly. Brisbane : W. H. Smith & Paterson. It is to be regretted that the publishers, who have otherwise done their work well, have neglected to supply chapter divisions or chapter headings, table of contents or index.

and Queensland; of the search that was made for the machine and its survivors; and of the fortunate, though only partial, success of the search. Of that successful quest Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, author of this book, was the heroic leader.

His account of the sensational and tragic episode has the vividness of the best autobiography, with a happy absence of the note of self-glorification. He gives full credit to a number of helpers and to a good share of luck. We may cut out the following, as a typical passage, from near the end of his story of the rescue :—

> I can say without hesitation that that sight was the worst in my life. Two smoky sodden fires for thirty worn-out men, no shelter from the wind, and rain which redoubled as night fell; it seemed years since I had felt warmth or had dry clothes on my body. Nobody made any pretence of trying to sleep. Most of the men stood up all night. And all the time I was sunk in the pit of misery and dejection the outside world was shouting my name, and frenzied journalists were searching for new words to describe my feat of bushcraft. Bushcraft! What a poor overworked word that became! Any person who has studied the topography vegetation of the McPhersons would know that, no matter how thoroughly he was equipped with bush instinct, a man might search there unsuccessfully for fifty years. This fact should be noted, and due credit given to my mother, who was saying her prayers back home.

And here is the last paragraph of the rescue story :—

> It is like a dream now—that wild run—I was quite mad—my heart had been wrung out with horror and with pity; no one who looked upon those poor survivors could help praying as I did that God would let me live long enough to help these men. I knew that I was sobbing and that I only paused when tears blinded me. I remember, too, that the shock and jar of leaping and landing on those rocks at top speed was telling on me, even though I was in splendid condition; but I was given strength to complete the task.

But this story, with its stark elements of death and gloom, is far from characteristic of the book which it opens—of the book that we have set in contrast with the Australian pictures of the Lawsons, Clarkes, Boakes, and other dealers in darkness. Its brightness, its pervading sunshine throughout all manner of descriptions and incidents is what chiefly pleases throughout and carries us on, while yet the hardships and

struggles of an out-back life are never made too little of, and we are instructed concerning a number of things useful as well as pleasant to hear of.

It tells the story of O'Reilly's own life and that of his family, as it proceeded onward from a little slab home in the Kanimbla Valley, some hundred miles west from Sydney, across the Blue Mountains, and, after minor changes, found and now finds itself on the splendid wooded plateau of the McPherson Ranges, some fifty miles south of Brisbane. An unaffected and vivid record of a bushman's, farmer's and mountaineer's adventures in perpetual encounter, sharp or friendly, with wild nature, it makes hardly any contact with public affairs, gains no glitter by the introduction of distinguished personalities, and ignores many modern mechanisms and conventions. But it lacks nothing of what makes an autobiography delightful.

In the first place, there is the surprise of finding that this man of mountain adventure is a born writer. In the next is the pleasure and profit of gaining from him a budget of facts about the wilder rural life of Australia. So much well-put information is there that the temptation to quote is perpetual. The very first year of the O'Reilly record brings a huge bush-fire. The Australian bush-fire has been fairly often described, but here it sweeps across us in unsurpassed vividness—as it did sweep in grim reality over the O'Reilly family. And as we follow on with other vicissitudes, the members of that family become not only our acquaintances but our friends. Parents, brothers and sisters are all made living with the help of pen and pencil. There is the house, the garden, the intelligent and helpful star-lore and weather-lore. There is the orchard, with its seven or eight kinds of fruit-trees, planted with a " soothing irregularity," but " fruitful and well cared for." It displayed " but one touch of Dad's playful genius—a cherry-tree which forked into three boughs, each bearing a different kind of fruit."

And all around what a multitude of beasts and birds—most of them playing their part daily in the life of the family ! Horses of all types and dispositions, as well as ages, cows that

cunningly hide away their calves; clever and faithful watch-dogs; the cat Beelzebub, who was violently opposed to all innovations; and the birds—above all, the birds. The kookaburra—often called by Australians simply "the Jack-ass," for he is the only beast of that name they know—is credited with a keen sense of humour, which prompts him to uproarious laughter when human mishaps meet his eye.

Perhaps your car gets bogged in black heavy soil? As you lie down in the sticky mess, trying to put chains on the tyres, "Kooka" up in an iron-bark laughs so heartily that he attracts half-a-dozen to his tree, and they laugh in chorus till the ridges echo. The stricken motorist usually finishes by joining in—if he has any sense of humour left.

What of the Albert lyre bird? As a mimic "his repertoire includes not only every major bird call, but the sounds of wood-chopping, howling of dingoes, barking of dogs, crying of babies, the drag of a cross-cut saw and the clinking of wedges." Mimicry is an accomplishment also of the Satin-Bower-Bird, which has many claims to celebrity:—

They give some very good imitations, including a very human "coo-ee," which may have been handed down through bird generations since the days when the black warriors sent their signal calls echoing through the jungles and down the ravines.

You must admire the Satin Bird

which gets its name from the handsome purple-satin coat which the male bird dons when seven years old. He is mainly famous for his bower, or playground. It consists of two graceful walls built of sticks, and is elaborately decorated with wild flowers, snake skin, small shells and any other bush curios he can find. These birds are partial to the colour blue; so you will usually find blue flowers and berries in their playgrounds, and woe betide your garden if you grow blue delphinium or larkspur. Blue disinfectant bottles are also in demand; and two blue-bags taken from our wash-house were found over a mile away.

We must leave unnoticed hosts of other birds—those, for instance, whose passion for colour is concentrated on yellow as keenly as the satin-bird's is on blue; and, again, the spotted bower-bird, familiarly called "Spotty," whose taste for everything bright and shiny includes household crockery, bleached skulls and chance finds of gold.

These are but a few of the permanent denizens and delights of Queensland hills and woods; but the recurrent outbreaks of nature in her wildest moods, and those in which man joins her in bedevilment, supply many of the best things in Mr. O'Reilly's budget. There are cyclones, floods, bush-fires; there is the comet of 1910, and there is the total eclipse of the sun—yes, absolutely total in the McPherson Ranges—in 1922.

Where did our author—outback pioneer, woodsman, farmer as he has been—learn to write so admirably about these things? There is no kind of schooling, beyond a quite elementary stage, nor of journalistic practice. The book was written, as the brief introduction tells us, in spare time, over two and a half years—that is, between the aeroplane disaster of February 1937 and November 1940, when literary work was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the writer's joining up with the Australian Air Force. But there was, it is clear, an unusual amount and kind of culture in the family circle. There was, above all, the authentic gift of Nature—the pen or "pencil" which she bestows on a "darling" of hers, such as Shakespeare (according to Gray's lines), when she sends him forth to "paint the vernal year," and equipped with the "keys" that reveal human life:—

> This can unlock the gates of Joy,
> Of Horror that and thrilling Fears,
> Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

We are not attempting a comparison with Shakespeare; but in truth few of those Shakespearian things are wanting in these pages. It begins, as we have seen, with the thrilling tale—which we have not told—of the tragic crash of the Stinson machine and the heroic rescue-work of the mountain-men. It goes on with varied "yarns"—

> Wild tales to win thee to a smile
> Or cheat thee of a tear.

Among the personages that stand out in pleasant relief are the author's father and mother. To the latter, who is still (we believe) alive in 1941, the book is dedicated. Yet not to her, not even to the infinite pathos of her partings with her tall handsome sons—first for a troop-ship, then for a

grave in Flanders—shall we turn for a paragraph to occupy our last page, but rather to "Dad"—"Dad . . . one of the full-bearded pioneers who helped to build Australia." His youngest son, who pictures him here, regrets that "Dad died before he was old enough to appreciate him."

Dad had lived his whole life in the outdoors. His tales of the West—the West that is no more, when the bullock teams went to Bourke, when bushrangers and wild blacks and berri-berri fever added to the hazards of thirst, fire and flood—were tales gathered in nearly half a century spent beyond the fringe of civilisation. These tales were often told around the glowing hearth when I was tiny—tales that would have filled many volumes, but which now can never be recorded. Dad knew more than one bushranger by his first name. He was present at the shooting of the notorious bushrangers, Thurston and Angel.

Another true story gives a different view of the sort of man he was :—

Dad and Uncle Robert were taking a mob of cattle through heavily-timbered country. Early one morning a steer disappeared. Dad rode back to look for it while Uncle took the mob on. About noon he caught up with my uncle. He had a lovely wild flower in his hand, and his voice was enthusiastic. "Look, Robert," he said : "I've found a new flower—never seen anything like it in my life." "Yes, it's a nice flower, Peter," answered the practical Robert, "but what about the steer ?" Peter had forgotten about the steer.

On a shelf above the fire-place were two greasy dog-eared books—the poets Byron and Moore, who had gone in Dad's pack saddle—who knows how many miles ? Sometimes he took one or the other down and read his favourite verses in a deep rumbling voice. One line comes back to me now, as I picture that scene by the glow of the open fire : "Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters"—something of Moore's. I remember, too, his apt quotation when news came of the Australians' evacuation of Gallipoli. It was from Byron :—

> The winds are high, and Helle's tide
> Rolls darkly heaving to the main,
> And night's descending shadows hide
> That field of blood—bedewed in vain . . .

His rolling voice gave a deep solemn note to the family prayers that he read by the fire at night. The lamp was always turned down, partly to prevent distraction by the everyday things about the room and partly to save expensive kerosene. But leaping fire-light in a darkened room can create a more impressive atmosphere than a high altar.

G. O'Neill

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXI

EOCHAIDH'S HEARTH

Niall Ó hUiginn cc.

1. Nir báid teine Teallaig Eacach ar úr gleanndál
ard a laraf donn nach diombuan trom a teannál.

2. Teallach n-Eacach iomda a croinn ciuil ar cóir feinnteas
an tuath fo heallach ni hairgtear teallach teinteadh.

3. Teine bithbeo biar ar fadódh fríoth n-a ngleannaib
dá laraf deirgte mar donnfuil teinte an teallaig.

4. Teine beo beannachtan fádhraig gan plaig d'fagbáil
teine beo na gcrioch do congbáil ar fioch n-anbáil.

5. Loire tionóil Teallaig Eacach d'eagla a fhargan
ni reachbaid d'fóir caomna a clearrad laomda an larrad.

6. Cruthre teinteadh Teallaig Eacach mar ór n-arnach
re coir ríog Éireann go hUirneach léibeann larrach.

7. Gealbainn a teinteadh gá dtogbáil ór dteach thromfluag
iomda ór Teallach Eacach airmgéar deachach donnruadh.

8. Nir faom oireacht re caob ag toigeacht go reannaib
fluag eine an áig teine nar báid teine an teallaig.

9. Fadódh ar sriorais ir snát re garrdaib uladh
meimic do téig tear a teineadh cnear gach curadh.

10. Teine beo bithbeo na Bréifne ir bronla fsríobaim
go flaith Muige gormluirg srántuinn [donnbuird]
díoguinn.

11. Lorgud caigcríoch cruthre n-a gcaire corg deisfear
laraf n-a laom donn gan dubad caor trom teineadh.

12. Teine biċbeo·naċ báiḋ uiſge aguſ i [aſ] deaſgaḋ
teine beo ar a bſuil úiḋ uſgar·tuiſ Ḋúin Dealgan.

13. Laoċ Muiſe Sléaċt na ſúl monſaċ·min ſe ċeallaiḃ
ní bí d'ſíor eile n-a huſſaiḋ·teine an teallaiſ.

14. Teine beo ar eineaċ 'ſ ar eanſnaṁ·ir ar uairle
teaſ ſíoſ ní ſeiċ·ſear do ḋíol ſo ḋeiċ ar nduairne.

15. Tómár Máſ Śaṁraḋán Śionna·nar ſir doiṁiaḋ
mar do bí Brian aguſ ſaċ rí·riaṁ ſá roiriar.

16. Ar mbreiṫ ar buaiḃ·ma ſaċ creiċ noċon ſuair urċur
laoċ naċ ſarḃ nſlóiſ·ar ṁarḃ don tóiſ ſo bo turċur.

17. Taoiſeaċ beanar orraim d'airdríġ·ir é ar ródáſ
ſaċ rí ar a dtuſ maiḋm ſa ṁionór·ó ċairm Tómár.

18. Aſ cáċ cantair·ní ſnáṫ antair ſe hó n-eaċaiḃ
dá ṫrear taċair·do ḋaṫaiġ ſaċ cnear dá ċleaṫaiḃ.

19. Maiṫ ma ḋuair iarċomairc d'éiſriḃ·ard an ſnaoiſin
maiṫ ma dtuſ ó Duaċ do ḋuaraiḃ·tuaṫ an taoiſiġ.

20. Teallaċ nDúnċaḋa do ḋíoċuiſ·ar a ndúṫaiġ
croḋa an dream do-cáiḃ ſo Cruaċain·ceann ſáil ſúṫaiḃ.

21. Iomaḋ lúiſeaċ nġeal ir ſormaṫ·ſe barr mBóċna
ſob iomḋa ar an áṫ lann liomṫa ar·ſgáṫ crann ſcróḋa.

22. Iomaḋ braṫaċ meic Briain Breaġaiġ·naċ brar mbaoṫġlóiſ
iomḋa ſo claḋ ſeilge ſíoġtóiſ·meiſge maoṫſróill.

23. Fear ſíoġta ir aiṫríoġta airdríoġ·ir é an ſlóġfáſ
ní bí buaċail·[do] na trí tuaṫaiḃ aċt Tómár.

24. Máſ Śaṁraḋán·na [ſeann] ar éaṫtaiſneaċ Taoiḋean
dá arm ſo n-ór·ar ṁarḃ ſo bo mór ſe ṁaoiḋeaṁ.

25. Mac ṁeic Donnċaiḋ deaſgar caṫbarr·cúiċ naċ molfa
i ndiúſ deaḃċa·a ſeaċna ar dtúſ ſo bo toġta.

26. Niſ ṫeiċ taċor·man ſcreiċ aġ craṫuḋ ſaċ carċroinn
ar broinn beanna·do roinn ſaċ ſealġa dá ġlarloinn.

27. Mac Briain Méig Samradán Seagra·feacnar fionguil
an té threabar·ní hé beanar ag a biodbaid.

28. A haithle an áir·ainm gach móna ó marcach Umaill
móin an maoma·don tóir ru ba garrda gubaing.

29. Fál fuaithnid fleag·fuaigfid an clár geal re goirmfliaḋ
dá cornaṁ ní thiallfaḋ tromfluag·iartar Oirgiall.

30. Ó Inir Taiḋg go Tráig Claoininnre·ag craoiḃ Oiḋḃe
leir loch Mac n-Éan re gleann nGaiḃle·agus beann
Boinne.

31. Gach fear dar airg d'fearaiḃ Manach·móide ar urra
do chuir ó Cuinn ar Íb Colla an·cuing mun [gCumnga].

32. Gach fiofhlaith fáil·fiorfaideas fáirdine ar ndruaidne
biaiḃ gach fear ar fearr go hÉirne·re ceann gCuailgne.

33. Crioch na Bréifne·biaiḃ aige 'r ag cloinn a cloinne
rgot Cláir Cime·ag loch Dinne ir cáir an coinne.

34. Smacht anḃáil ar airdrioghaiḃ Banba·ag baiḃḃ luaraiḃ
gor cu [. . .] Brian·ór na Brianaiḃ.

35. D'Eochaiḃ feiḃleach·d' Eochaiḃ Muigmeaḃón ro molaḃ
fioghraiḃ Inre Fáil na Breileaḃ·dáiḃ fa ḃolaḃ.-

36. An trear Eochaiḃ a-tá im Tomár·na dtaoiḃ reangḃog
Eochaiḃ do fuair clú i ngach comrag·ní dú a deargmod.

37. Clann Ruairc meic Tigearnáin Teamrach·im tuir Máighe
Mac Diarmuda Bearḃa ir Búille ir·damna áille.
na trí hEochaiḃ breag ir Boinne·fa fear nÁine.

38. Re reacht roimear·re neart a cloideaṁ 'r a chraoireach
biḃ lom gach tír i broil fárach·toir dá taoireach.

39. Deirge ná an fuil aigeaḃ marcaig·Muige feimin
gnúir gairḃe a gnúir·a faiḃḃe gan túir gan teimiḃ.

40. Mac Maoile Meaḃa agus mac Briain·ór gach flaithfréimh
rug buaiḃ ó mBruin·na rluaig tug go cruin dá caithréim.

41. Más Samradán fíde buadaig·gach buaid leanar
tonn gleo géirte·a ceo trom do Bréifne beanar

42. Ar cornam gcreac·cinnid ar caoireac gach tuaite
cruaid airm ro fill·fa na buaib ar ngairm Cinn Cruaice.

43. Re fréardal fear·re teargad a rleag (ag) rróillfár
[téigtear] do loinn cruaid an caoilduar·i dtuaig Tómár.

44. Tómár mac Briain·barramail do dreagun Béirre
Doilb ar cionn cealg·fionn agus Doðb Dearg ar déine. Ni

45. Ingean Éadaoine earrla bláit·bíd rí [uar cuan]aib
a dreac mar fór ór gach fíogain·nór do Nualaid.

46. Ingean Méig Uidir aigead dearg·díolar laoide
[buaid] rug ar a nóige ar féile·móide ar maoine. Ni

47. Diall re hatair·ag ingin Domnaill Dúin Máige
a moluð ir deagðual dúinne·gealgruað Gráinne. Ni

48. Caillin fiodnaca dar bfurtocт·ar gach bfagail
do fóir ré ar gach ndoig n-a deagaid·mé ar goim ngalair.

49. Brian mac Ruaidri Ráta Guaire·grioraid fáide
airgid ar dteactað gach cine·breacMag mBáine. Ni

50. Toirrdealbac mac Aoda Uirnig·áitceoð rbleige
re gleo ngairg do gab Mag Mide·'r Mag n-ard n-Eine.
Ni

Translation

1. The fire of green-valleyed Teallach Eachach ("Eochaidh's Hearth") was never quenched; high its steady red blaze, plenteous its firing.
2. Many the harps deftly played at Teallach Eachach; never raided is that land with its cattle; 'tis a fiery hearth.
3. An ever-alive living fire is always in its glens; two flames hot and blood-red are the fires of that hearth.
4. The living fire of Pádraig's blessing meaning freedom from plague, and the living fire that defends the land from fierce enmity.
5. The flashing of blades at the muster of Teallach Eachach—in fear of showers of wounds 'tis well for a troop to keep at its drilling—bright-flaming is that fire.
6. Teallach Eachach's sparkling fires, a line of flame, are as golden ribs enclosing Éire's King on his march to Uisneach.
7. From our home with its mighty host bright bands of fire are ever rising; thick the dark red smoke rising above sharp-sworded Teallach Eachach.
8. The host of battling Eine lets no folk approach it with lances; a fire unfailing is this hearth's fire.

9. Ulaidh's warriors are ever kindling embers ; often their fires' heat warms each warrior's limbs.

10. Of Bréifne's living fire I am proud to write to (Mac Diarmuda) the Lord of Magh Luirg, that powerful plain so blue (of hills), so brown of corn, so bright of surface.

11. The burning of the lands around, the sparks in masses checking (the approach of) warriors, is a bright undimmed flame, a heavy lightning-bolt.

12. And this Lord of Dún Dealgan himself, the favourite theme of poets, is a lively red-blazing fire unquenchable by water.

13. This shaggy-browed Hero of Magh Sléacht so lavish to his churches—for him alone does the fire of this Hearth give its assurance.

14. A flaming fire of generosity and chivalry and nobility is this hero who rewards me ten times for my poems ; a king's Palace comes not near him (in generosity) (?)

15. Tomas Mág Shamhradháin of the Sionann, hero never desiring aught unworthy, is always well served—as well as Brian and all the kings before him.

16. When riding round a *creach* after a cattle-raid, he never found foe to aim at (?) ; all the foes slain by this soft-spoken warrior were (thus) a gain for his troop (?).

17. This captain, who exacts homage from high-king, causes our growth in fortune ; the prince attacked by him loses as much honour as he (Tómás) gains.

18. All men repeat : " No one awaits (the attack of) Eochaidh's scion ; in his fierce fighting he reddens every foe's body with his spears."

19. He is lavish in rewarding final verses addressed to him by poets—great honour ! The land of Duach's scion is blessed for the gifts its captain gives.

20. He drove Teallach Dúnchadha from their land ; valiant the host that marched on Cruacha, Fál's Prince in its midst.

21. Many the bright greave and blue steel helmet with this Prince of the Ocean, many the sharp lance at the ford guarded by red spears.

22. Many the flag of the son of Brian of Breagha slow and wise of word ; many the princely troop with soft satin standard sent (by him) to churchyard grave !

23. This prince, maker and unmaker of high-kings, is the strength of our host ; Tómás is the only shepherd for the Three Tuaths.

24. Mág Shamhradháin of the spears, mighty Harrier of Taoidhe—long would be the tale of all he slew with his gold-hilted sword.

25. Who will not extoll the son of Donnchadh's son, reddener of helmets ? It was ever better to avoid him in stress of battle !

26. Brandishing his pliable lance as he rode round his *creach*, he never shunned fight ; standing in front of gap, he split every bright lance with his blue spear.

27. The son of Brian Mág Shamhradháin of Seaghais avoids all crime ; the man in his foe's land who ploughs lives not to reap !

28. Every field whereon Umhall's Knight has fought is named after him, and has proved a pound-enclosure for the troop (of his foes).

29. A bright line of spears will knit together the fair plain and its blue hill ; no host will come to hold the West of Oirghialla.

30. From Inis Taidhg to the shore of Claoininis belongs to the Hero of Oidhbhe ; to him belong Loch Mac n-Éan and Gleann Gaibhle and Beann Boinre.

31. Conn's scion placed on Í Cholla a bond around the Narrows (?)—all the Fir Manach whom he plundered have to witness to this.

32. Every Prince of Fál, every noble hero, as far as the Éirne, will join Cuailghne's Lord—thus our seers' word will come to pass.

33. To him and to his children's children will belong Bréifne's Land ; 'tis right to expect the Prince of the Land of Cime to be by Loch Dinne.

34. Luaradh's Falcon has mighty power over all Banbha's high-kings . . .

35. To Eochaidh Feidhleach and Eochaidh Muighmheadhón was the award given that all the princes of poet-loving Inis Fáil should be under tribute to them.

36. Nor must we forget the third Eochaidh famous in fight, an ancestor too of Tómás so graceful in form.

37. In the ancestry of the Prince of the Máigh is the race of Ruarc son of Tighearnán of Teamhair, and (the race of) Mac Diarmuda of the Bearbha and the Búill—hence comes his beauty ; the three Eochaidhs of the Breagha and the Bóinn are also in the line of this Prince of Áine.

38. His hasty temper and strong swords and spears have wasted every land to the East where now its captain has but a desert (to rule over).

39. Redder than blood is the face of the Knight of Magh Feimhin, glowing his countenance ; never is smoke (?) or fire seen on his lawn.

40. The son of Maoilmheadha and of Brian has—more than any princely branch (of them)—surpassed all Í Bhriuin ; by his triumphant career he has reduced those hosts to peace and quiet.

41. Mág Shamhradháin irresistible in onset has every excellence ; as a fierce hot battle-wave he sweeps away the heavy mist over Bréifne.

42. He outdoes all lands' chieftains in guarding his *creachs* ; fierce are the swords which at the battle-cry of Ceann Cruaiche surround the cattle.

43. The sharp blade on Tómás' axe growing ever smoother (?) by dealing with foes (?) and by slashing their spears, is kept hot (?) by his fierce fury (?).

44. Tómás, Brian's son, is like Béirre's Dragon ; he is a Dolbh against guile, a Fionn or Bodhbh Dearg in fierceness.

45. Nualaidh, Éadaoin's fair-tressed daughter, is ever in charge of the wine-vats (?) ; her rosy face, lovelier than any queen's, is her glory.

46. Mág Uidhir's blushing daughter, rewarder of poems, has excelled from girlhood in generosity—increasing our wealth !

47. Gráinne, daughter of Domhnall of Dún Máighe, takes after her father ; I love my task of praising her fair cheek.

48. Caillin of Fiodhnach—may he save me from all attack ; he saved me once from the bitterness of disease and from pain thereafter (?).

49. Brian, son of Ruaidhrí of Ráth Guaire, encourages poets ; one day he will consolidate the whole land and march on many-coloured Magh Báine.

50. Toirdhealbhach, son of Aodh of Uisneach, spurner of all dependence, has with rough fighting seized Magh Midhe and lofty Magh Eine.

NOTES

Mag. MS. f. 21

1*d*. teanal 4*a*. beann. Da. 5*b*. -guin *c*. -muid *d*. -fair 6*a*. *leg*. dTea. ? 7*a*. tei. ; tog. 8*b*. taeb 9*a*. fodog *d*. donobruidog 11*b*. cairi ; degen *d*. tr. te. 12*b*. i *c*. fuil ; ubdar 13*a*. *leg*. mui. ? *c*. urr. 14*b*. er ar uai. 16*b*. *leg*. gcr. ? 17*a* -dri *b*. *leg*. fódfár ? 19*c*. tug *d*. tuaċ 21*d*. cċta (o *over* c) 22*a*. *leg*. bratać ? ; Druain Dag. (e *over* D) *c*. claġ 23*b*. floġar *d*. go ; na trí tu., *lands of Mág Shamhradháin Ó Ruairc and Ó Raghallaigh*. 24*b*. guno 25*d*. tur 26*b*. cc (e *over* c) *c*. *leg*. mbea. ? 27*a*. meg ; seġra *b*. rea. 28*c*. moin i ma. *d*. ġarr. 29*a*. ruaiċ. 30*a*. *leg*. gCl. ? *d*. Doinri (ri *doubtful*) 31*c*. ar aiḃ Co. *d*. Cungá 32*a*. Caċ *d*. Cu. 33*b*. fa cl. a cl. *d*. ċair 34*c*. *illegible* 35*a*. *leg*. fei. ? *b*. *leg*. muiġ. ? *d*. dol. 37*a*. meg Ciġ. *b*. am ċuir 38*c*. foil 39*b*. Mui. *d*. faiċti 40*b*. inr *over* ór ; flaiṫrem *d*. ṫug 41*a*. bua. 42*a*. cor. caċ (e *over* c) *d*. Ci. Cru. 43*a*. Ri fr. fear (*leg*. bfear ?) *b*. ri ; rl. ; a ; rr. *c*. telṫear ; a cailo. *d*. a tu. To. 44*d*. deine 45*b*. *illegible* 46*c*. bean ; feli 48*b*. fa. *c*. deódaiḋ 49*c*. tea.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

AHERNE, JOHN, soldier. He was born in Cork of a family which in 1748 gave an endowment to the Irish College at Paris that amounted to £20 annually. He was a student there in 1789 at the outbreak of the Revolution, whose cause he embraced with enthusiasm. In 1794 he got employment from the French government on a secret mission to Scotland, and two years later he went on a similar mission to his native country where he was to interview John Keogh and other national leaders. In Paris he became an intimate friend of Wolfe Tone, who mentions him frequently in his *Journal*. He accompanied Hoche and Tone in the expedition to Bantry Bay in 1796. In a communication to the English government while the Insurrection of 1798 was still active, Samuel Turner, the notorious spy at Hamburg, tells how he found Aherne (or O'Herne as he calls him) in secret conclave in that city with Joubert the French general, discussing the safest and most suitable places on the Irish coast for debarkations. After the collapse of the Insurrection, he was prominent among the Irish exiles in France who were making renewed efforts to obtain French aid. He held the rank of captain in the Irish Legion, which was established in 1803 by Napoleon. It was composed of some of the old officers of the Irish Brigade and of political refugees from Ireland. When the French entered Berlin in 1806 after the battle of Iena, the Legion, then at Alençon, received orders to march to the Prussian capital. On the way Captain Aherne died suddenly at Metz. He has been described as a man of talent and diplomatic ability " with the gay manners of a well-bred Irishman."

AHERN, MAURICE, ecclesiastic. A native of Kerry, where he was born in 1735. Educated at Paris, he was, after obtaining a doctorate of the Sorbonne, appointed one of its professors of philosophy at the college of Navarre. Later he became a canon of the cathedral of Chartres and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Navarre. In 1790 the troubles of the Revolution generally, and particularly his refusal to take the constitutional oath, compelled him to return to Ireland. In a letter, dated December 1793, from Francis Drake—Pitt's chief intelligence agent on the continent at the period—to Lord Grenville, the English Foreign Secretary,

Dr. Ahern is described as one of a small number of well-conditioned people who could give a perfect account of the secret conspiracies then being hatched in Ireland, and of which only vague knowledge was obtainable (*Dropmore MSS.*). On the establishment of the college at Maynooth in 1795, Dr. Ahern was appointed its professor of Philosophy. He died there on 17 February 1801 and was interred in Laragh Bryan graveyard close by. At Maynooth he had the reputation of being a zealous upholder of the Gallican liberties of the Church and of strongly condemning ultramontane doctrines, especially the temporal power of the Papacy.

ALBEVILLE, MARQUIS D' (Sir Ignatius White), a notable diplomatist of the seventeenth century and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. He was born at Ballyneety, his ancestral home, from which he took his title of Albeville (*Baile-an-Fhaoite*, the town of White)—a village near Limerick, of which city his father, Sir Dominick White, was mayor in 1636. Sir Ignatius received his baronetcy from Charles II, whose ambassador he became at the Court of Vienna. Macaulay and other partisan historians represent him as serving the house of Austria in the capacity of something between an envoy and a spy, for which the Emperor conferred on him (1677) the title of Marquis d'Albeville. Further assailing his character, they describe him as an unscrupulous, intriguing Irishman, whose one object was money which he took from all who offered it, and they assert that at a critical time he misled James II for ignoble motives. Despite such comments, however, the fact remains that when the Jacobite cause was broken in Ireland, whither he had accompanied the king in 1689, he followed his royal master to poverty and exile, forfeiting his estates and dying amid hardships at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1694.

He was succeeded by his son. A captain in Lord Kilmallock's Regiment of Dragoons in the Irish Brigade, the second Marquis d'Albeville was a brave soldier. Fighting for France, he died covered with wounds at the battle of Villaviciosa in Spain in 1710.

In the Stuart MSS. (Vol. 1) there is a document signed by James III (the "Old Pretender") at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1712 and certifying that "all the brothers of the late Sir Ignatius White, formerly Envoy Extraordinary of James II to Holland and his Secretary of State for Ireland, have died and that the sole heirs of all these brothers are the daughters of the said Marquis d'Albeville, who are at present with their mother in the service of the Queen of Spain."

A branch of the White family settled at St. Malo after the

Jacobite defeat in Ireland in 1691 ; they had their nobility recognised by James II in 1698. One of them, the Seigneur de Boisglé, functioned as mayor of that town in 1769.

Allen, John, Colonel in the French army. A native of Dublin where he owned a drapery business in College Green. A zealous United Irishman, he was arrested on his way to France with Father O'Coigly (whose servant he posed to be) and Arthur O'Connor in February 1798 and was imprisoned in the Tower of London. No evidence was forthcoming at his trial for high treason, and he was released. A few years later he became the confidant of Robert Emmet, who placed more reliance on him than on any other of his associates. After many vicissitudes he escaped to France on the failure of the attempted rising of 1803 and, in the same year, joined the Irish Legion there. A man of high character and rare valour, he acquired a reputation for military skill in the Napoleonic campaigns. He particularly distinguished himself at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain in 1810, where he led the storming party, and for his bravery was promoted to the rank of colonel. Later he went through all the hardships of the Russian campaign. On the return of Napoleon from Elba Allen joined him, and after the allied occupation of Paris the English demanded that the Irish officer should be delivered up to them. The Bourbon government, however, did not directly respond to the request, but instead ordered his arrest and conveyance to the frontier. Escaping from prison, he was, after the departure of the allies, permitted to return to France. He was decorated with the Legion of Honour for outstanding bravery at the siege of Astorga in April 1810. When the Irish regiments were disbanded in September 1815, he retired on half-pay and settled in the city of Tours, where many old officers of the Irish Brigade were residing. After some years he moved to Caen and died there on 10 February 1855.

Allen, Sir Luke, soldier in the French army. He belonged to a well-known but now extinct family of the County Kildare. His father, Sir Patrick Allen of St. Wolstan's in that county, a strong Jacobite and Major-General in the Irish army, raised a body of troops for James II and lost most of his estates at the Williamite revolution. His son, Sir Luke, one of a large family of twenty-one children, emigrated in 1735 to France, where he entered Dillon's Irish regiment as Lieutenant. After the battle of Fontenoy, in which he took part, he changed over to Lally's Irish regiment with the rank of major. In 1757 he accompanied his chief, General Lally, to India when that distinguished officer was appointed commander of the French expeditionary force sent to strike at

English power there. In the strenuous campaign that followed, Major Allen showed himself an efficient officer in many engagements and was loyal to his chief throughout the Irish commander's many trials. He was several times wounded and, after the fall of Pondicherry, returned to France. In 1762 he married Marie de Behague of a notable French family, by whom he had five daughters and one son—Sir Luke Patrick. All rights to his family estates in Ireland were forfeited on account of the active part Allen had taken against the English in Europe and India.

ANGUILBERT, THEODORE, physician and author—a notable Irishman residing in Paris in the first half of the sixteenth century. He was a graduate of the medical school of Paris, where he wrote *Mensa Philosophica*, a book of table talk sparkling with jests and wit, which was published at Paris in the year 1530.

ARCHDEACON, NICHOLAS, ecclesiastic. Born at Monkstown, Co. Cork, where his family (originally of Kilkenny) had long resided till, due to their Jacobite zeal, they were dispossessed of their estate there in 1691. A few months after the birth of Nicholas Archdeacon, his father died, and he was taken by his mother (Elizabeth Redington of Kilcornan, Co. Galway) to France, where she resided till he was two years old. Later as a young man he went to France to pursue ecclesiastical studies at the Irish College of Douai. During a visit to Paris in the summer of 1793, in the early days of the Reign of Terror, he was arrested as a foreigner. On the 3 August of that year he was brought before the Revolutionary committee of the Observatoire Section of the city. Two English Benedictines, Dom Kellet and Dom Parker, appeared as witnesses on his behalf and stated that, for the previous four or five years, he had been a student of the Irish College at Douai. A few days later, when documents showed that his visit to Paris was solely in connection with the affairs of the college, he was released and a passport granted to him to return to Douai. Here in the following year he was, with the British and Irish students of the town, again placed under arrest. Escaping from confinement he pursued his studies at Louvain and was duly ordained. After his return to Ireland he was, in 1800, appointed bishop of Kilfenora. He died in 1824.

Various members of the family of this name settled in France after the Jacobite defeat in Ireland and the capitulation at Limerick. During the eighteenth century some of is members were leading merchants at Nantes, while at Dunkirk Edmund Archdeacon settled in 1691 and, entering the French naval service, rose to high rank. In recent times his direct descendant, bearing

the same name, was a landowner in Burgundy and a deputy for Paris in the French parliament, where his passionate speeches against freemasonry and English influence in France made him a notable figure. He was also keenly interested in the movement for Irish independence.

ARTHUR, JOHN, soldier. One of the many members of a notable Limerick family (also known as MacArthur) who were soldiers of the Irish Brigade in the eighteenth century. (*See* the De La Ponce MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy). Holding the rank of captain in the regiment of the King's Guards, he fought in the Jacobite war in Ireland and went to France with his corps in 1691. Throughout 1692 he served along the French coast, and was at the battle of Neerwinden and the siege of Charleroi in 1693. He was at the head of a company in Dorrington's Irish regiment in Germany in 1701 and the following years, and fought at Malplaquet in 1709, immediately after which he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the new Irish regiment of Rothe. As such he was at the sieges of Kehl and Phillipsburg, and he died on active service on 21 December 1738.

In civil occupations some members of the family, too, became eminent in various French cities—*e.g.*, as early as 1656 Thomas Arthur, doctor of civil and canon law, was one of the earliest settlers of the Irish colony at Nantes.

ARTHUR, ROBERT (JEAN-JACQUES), Revolutionary leader. He was born of Irish parentage, in 1761, in Paris where his father was a watchmaker. It is interesting to note that at the age of five he was inoculated against smallpox by Ambrose Hosty, an Irish physician practising in the French capital. A fervent apostle of Robespierre during the Revolution and a leading figure of the Jacobin Club and later of the Commune, he took part in the storming of the palace of the Tuileries in 1792. In the following year he was prominent in denouncing speculators and the manufacturers of paper money. He was to appear in evidence against Clavière, ex-minister of Finance, on hearing which the latter committed suicide in his cell. He was also to appear in evidence against Danton at the great tribune's trial; but as the proceedings were cut short, his presence was not needed. It was at Arthur's suggestion, too, that the names of all inmates were required by law to be inscribed on the door of every house in Paris. At Thermidor, when the news of Robespierre's arrest staggered the Commune, he was one of the seven members of that body who summoned the populace to rise and defend the nation's liberties. But there was no response, and he and his colleagues were proclaimed rebels

and outlaws. Robespierre was guillotined, and Arthur, loyal to the end to his chief, followed him to the scaffold forty-eight hours later. A successful paper merchant by occupation, he owned a chateau and park outside Paris, where Robespierre was often his guest. In a note-book of the latter, discovered after his death, the name of Arthur occurs in a list of patriots, and he is there described as " having more or less ability." In the archives of the *Préfecture de Police* he is entered as " a paper hanger, age 33, who was guillotined on 30 July 1794."

AYLMER, BALTHAZAR ANDREW, soldier. Coming of a well-known Kildare family, he emigrated to France where he entered the Irish Brigade. While holding the rank of captain in Clare's regiment, he was wounded at the battle of Laffelt in 1741 and, for his bravery, was made Knight of the military order of St. Louis.

AYLMER, RICHARD, soldier. Kinsman of preceding and son of Thomas Aylmer of Lyons, Co. Kildare, several branches of whose family were attainted after the defeat of James II in Ireland. He went to France with the remnant of the Jacobite army and fought there in several engagements. The Williamite government refused him permission to return to Ireland in 1700, but five years later he was allowed to do so. Sir Richard Cox, the Lord Justice, reporting on his case, stated : " It cannot be of any consequence that a few silly fellows may be suffered to eat potatoes and spend their money in their native country." Aylmer died at Chapelizod in 1761 at the age of 105.

BAGGOT, JOHN, captain in French army, son of Colonel John Baggot of Baggotstown, Co. Limerick. After the confiscation of the family estate in 1691, the father—who, with his sons, accompanied the Irish forces to France—became gentleman usher at the court of James II at Saint Germain-en-Laye. Captain John Baggot fought at the battle of Fontenoy, after which he took part in the Rising in support of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland, where he was Colonel-Commandant of a cavalry company known as the Prince's Hussars. At Culloden the French ambassador reported him as " badly but not fatally wounded." Taken prisoner, he was pardoned but received a sentence of perpetual banishment. A Scottish contemporary described him as " a very rough sort of man and, so, exceedingly well fitted to command the banditti of which his corps was composed, and to distress the country."

Another Baggot family, settled in Co. Carlow, was attainted after the Jacobite war in Ireland in 1691 ; and the De La Ponce MSS. give many of the name as officers in the French service.

Barker, William, officer in Walsh's regiment of the I. Brigade. When, as a result of the Revolution, the I. Brigade ceased to exist in 1791 as a distinctive unit in the French army, he returned to his native place at Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford. Miles Byrne in his *Memoirs* describes him as " connected not only with all the Catholic aristocracy of the county, but nearly allied to the first Protestant families." He became an insurgent leader in the Insurrection of 1798, distinguished himself at Vinegar Hill, and lost an arm in the fighting at Enniscorthy. Escaping to France later, he became a captain in the Irish Legion and, after going through various campaigns, died in 1811.

Barneville (Barnewall), Matthew, noted Irish priest in France. Born at Grace Dieu, Swords, Co. Dublin in 1656, he belonged to the junior or Kingsland branch of the Trimleston family. A strong Jansenist, he was arrested in Paris in 1712 on a charge of scattering tracts and pamphlets defending that heresy, and was imprisoned in the Bastille for a year and a half. In 1736 he was again arrested for his activities in connection with a sect known as the " Convulsionaries." These were fanatical Jansenists who used to assemble at the grave of an ascetic ecclesiastic in the cemetery of St. Medard at Paris, where they fell into convulsions and frenzies. He died in 1738 in his eighty-second year in the prison of the Conciergerie, full of enthusiasm to the end for the doctrines he espoused. His niece, Marie Anne de Barneville, was also imprisoned for her activities in the same cause.

Barnewall, Alexander, Lieut.-Colonel in the French army. After the Jacobite war in Ireland he went to France and, in Galmoy's Irish regiment, had a distinguished record in the War of the Spanish Succession.

Barnewall, Matthew (10th Lord Trimleston), soldier. A zealous Jacobite whose estates were confiscated in 1691. He went to France as an officer in the Duke of Berwick's Troop of Guards and, in his twentieth year, was killed at the first charge at the battle of Roumont, where in 1692 the Germans were routed. He was the only officer killed on the French side, and the official report states that the Irish regiments " greatly distinguished themselves " at the battle. An old tomb-stone to his memory still exists in the little graveyard of Tenneville close by where he fell.

Of his three nephews, who went to France at the same time, the eldest, Matthew Barnewall, 12th Lord Trimleston, resided there for many years and pursued the study of medicine, in which he became eminent. On his return to Ireland he settled at Trimleston, where he gave advice free to all who applied for it.

Barnewall, Nicholas, cadet of the house of Trimleston. Born in 1725, he went to France where he made a large fortune, his estate near Toulouse being worth £30,000. In 1768 he married Martha d'Aguin, daughter of the president of the parliament of Toulouse. When the Revolution came, he lost his property and returned to Ireland. He immediately set about obtaining an absolute reversal of the outlawry which in 1691 affected the title in his line. He was successful in his suit and, on the death of his cousin the 13th Baron Trimleston in 1796, succeeded to the title and estates. In the following year he married Miss Eustace, renowned for her beauty, to whom, at his death fifteen years later, he left all his property. This was the subject of the famous Trimleston lawsuit in which his successor to the title disputed the will. His daughter. Rosalie, by his French wife, married in 1795 the noted Franco-Irish soldier, Peter Count Dalton.

Barrett, John, officer of the Irish Brigade. Born at Castlemore, Mallow, he was chief representative of the family of his name and sat as member for Mallow in the national parliament of 1689. He raised a foot regiment for the service of James II, and in 1691 his estate was confiscated. Going to France, he continued in his rank of colonel in Dorrington's Irish regiment. At the battle of Landen in 1693 he showed signal bravery, but was killed as he entered Neerwinden at the head of one of the battalions of his regiment. The "Light to the Blind," describing the battle, says that "Colonel Barrett of Cork, by his bold leading of the Irish regiment, signalised himself and slept in the bed of victory." His widow, Catherine McCarthy, died in her 85th year in 1741 at St. Germain-en-Laye where she lies buried. There were many other officers of the Barrett family in the French army. Thus in 1700 we find one of them, who had come from France, imprisoned in Cork and awaiting sentence of death for returning to Ireland.

Barry, Robert, ecclesiastic. Born in 1588, he was the son of David Barry (of Brittway, Co. Cork) and Ellen Waters. Educated at the Jesuit college in Nantes, he returned to Ireland where he became chaplain to a kinswoman, Ellen Barry of Buttevant, Countess of Ormond, and was later appointed bishop of Cork. At the Confederation of Kilkenny he strongly supported Rinuccini's advanced policy, and was later proscribed by the English authorities and forced to hide in the woods and mountains. Escaping from Ireland, he sought refuge at Nantes where he acted till his death as assistant to its bishop. In that city he established the "station" (pilgrimage) of Notre Dame de Miséricorde, which has continued up to the present day a great centre of devotion among

its citizens. He died in 1662 and was buried with much pomp in the cathedral there. The memorial erected over his remains was destroyed during the Revolution of 1789, but in 1887 monumental windows, with the armorial bearings of his family and a figure of St. Patrick, were erected in the parish church of St. Similien at Nantes.

Barton, Hugh, a member of the Irish family of his name which, early in the eighteenth century, engaged in an extensive wine industry at Bordeaux, where they owned extensive estates. He was the son of William Barton of Grove, Co. Tipperary, by Grace, daughter of Dean Massey of Limerick. At the period of the Revolution the business at Bordeaux was being carried on by Hugh Barton who, in the year 1794, was arrested as a British subject like many other Irish citizens settled there. He was confined in the prison of the Fort du Hâ (which up to 1793 was the Irish College), from which, through the connivance of his wife, he escaped home to Ireland. bringing with him (it is said) a lock and key of the guillotine. Before he escaped to Ireland he arranged with a French friend, Daniel Guestier, to take over and manage the business. When he returned later, the joint firm of Barton and Guestier was established and still exists. The Barton families of Straffan, Co. Kildare, and of Annamoe, Co. Wicklow, are direct descendants of Hugh Barton.

Begley, Thadée, ecclesiastic. A doctor of the Sorbonne, he was *curé* of the Paris parish of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois in the early half of the eighteenth century and, in 1718 and 1719, was tutor of the children of Count Daniel O'Mahony, the hero of Cremona. In 1730 he had a fount of Irish type cast in the French capital and invited Hugh MacCurtin, who had already published at Louvain "Elements of the Irish Language," to come to Paris. Abbé Begley enabled him to publish there in 1732 his English-Irish Dictionary, which is a valuable record of the vernacular of the time.

Betagh, Thomas, soldier. Son of Francis Betagh of Moynalty, Co. Meath. The latter was proprietor of a large estate, of which he was stripped by iniquitous methods after the restoration of Charles II. Going to France, he resided at St. Germain-en-Laye where he died. Here, too, his son Thomas, who had entered Nugent's Irish cavalry regiment, married Marcelle Tyrrell in 1707—they had two sons who had distinguished careers as officers of the Irish Brigade (*See* below).

Betagh, Thomas Tyrrell, soldier. Son of preceding. Born at St.

Germain-en-Laye in 1714, he entered FitzJames's cavalry regiment, of which he was captain in 1743 and major in 1745, when he was wounded at the battle of Fontenoy. He became colonel-commandant of the regiment later, and specially distinguished himself at the battle of Rosbach in 1767 against the Germans under Frederick the Great. The latter, in his account of the conflict where he won a great victory over the Austro-French forces, pays a special tribute to the bravery of Betagh's regiment there. The Irish commander's brother, Jean Patrice, was slain in the battle. A contemporary poem celebrates their valour :

> What in Rosbach's bloody plain befell,
> Ambitious Fred'rick's savage troops can tell,
> Where one stout legion of Hibernian blood
> The fire of all the Prussian arms withstood ;
> Led by the Betagh twins, bright twins in fame,
> Their goodness, valour and their skill the same.

Blackwell, James Bartholomew, soldier. Born at Ennis, Co. Clare, in 1765. In his eleventh year he was sent to the Irish College at Paris for his education by his uncle, James Murray, M.D. (A burse had been founded in that institution by his mother's family). He pursued a course of medical studies in the University of Paris till his twentieth year, when he became Lieutenant in a Hussar regiment. Before the outbreak of the Revolution he became an intimate friend of Danton, Camille Desmoulins and other leading spirits of the clubs which helped to precipitate it. At the siege of the Bastille on the 14 July he was the leader of the Faubourg St. Antoine, which showed more courage and initiative than any other section of the city during the attack. In the early Revolutionary campaigns he had the famous Murat as his lieutenant at Jemappes and other engagements. At the height of the Reign of Terror in 1794 he contracted a romantic marriage with Miss Sophie Wade, daughter of Colonel Wade of Worcester, whose lives he had saved while they were travelling in France. In 1796, holding the rank of colonel, he accompanied Wolfe Tone to Bantry Bay and, two years later, came with James Napper Tandy to the Donegal coast. On their way back to France both Tandy and Blackwell were arrested at Hamburg, the senate of which city handed them over to the English government. For this action the senate was heavily fined by Napoleon. Imprisoned for two years in Kilmainham gaol, Blackwell on returning to France fought in a cavalry corps in the Prussian and Austrian campaigns under Napoleon. He finally retired as a colonel on half-pay and was made commander of the town of Bitche. But ill-health, as

a result of many battle wounds, compelled him to resign after a few months, and he retired to Paris where he died in 1820.

Bonfield, David, merchant. A native of Limerick, he emigrated to Bordeaux where he carried on a successful business. He was a generous benefactor to the Irish College at Paris, within whose walls he expressed a wish to be buried. After his death in Paris on 28 March 1784 his remains were interred in the crypt of the *Collège des Lombards.* A memorial tablet to his memory there was later removed to the college in the *Rue des Irlandais.*

Bourke, John Raymond, soldier and peer of France. Born in L'Orient in 1773, he was a son of an Irish Brigade officer who, accompanying Lally Tollendal to India, was made prisoner with him at the siege of Pondicherry. Descended from Rickard Bourke of Ballintubber, Co. Mayo (who founded the abbey of Burrishoole), John Raymond Bourke began his military career in an Irish regiment. He accompanied Wolfe Tone to Lough Swilly in the autumn of 1798, but escaped capture. (A short biography of him in pamphlet form, now rare, was published early in the nineteenth century which describes him as "a companion of Tone in his last expedition to Ireland."). He had a brilliant career in the Napoleonic campaigns, being named General of Brigade on the battlefield of Wagram in 1809 and General of Division in 1813.

On the re-establishment of the Bourbon dynasty in 1814 he was appointed Inspector of the army, but on the return of Napoleon from Elba he offered him his sword. The Emperor named him Governor of the fortress of Givet, which he gallantly defended against the allied armies. His last campaign was with the French forces in Spain in 1823, on returning from which he was raised to the peerage. He sat in the House of Peers till his death in Brittany in 1847, when the title became extinct.

Bourke, Theobald, 3rd Lord Brittas, married to Lady Honora, daughter of the 1st Earl of Inchiquin (Morrogh-an-Toitean). An officer in the Jacobite army in Ireland, he was outlawed in 1691 and retiring to France, died at St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1706, where he was buried. His son John, who became an officer in the French army, not acknowledging a revolutionary attainder, assumed in France the title of 4th Lord Brittas. He married at St. Germain-en-Laye a daughter of Colonel Gordon O'Neil, by whom he had two sons—(1) John, who held the rank of colonel in the French service, styled 5th Lord Brittas; and (2) Thomas, who after serving for some time in the army of France left it for that of Sardinia. The latter was noted for his kindness towards

his fellow-countrymen in France. One day Louis XIV said to him: "Bourke, you have asked many favours for your Irish friends, but you never ask one for yourself."

BOURKE, WALTER (COUNT), soldier. Son of Rickard Bourke (of Turlough, Co. Mayo) and Coelia O'Shaughnessy of the ancient family of Gort, Co. Galway. He was colonel of an infantry regiment in the Jacobite war in Ireland and, after the defeat at Aughrim, followed James II to France. There he also commanded a regiment of foot (*régiment d'Athlone* or *de Bourke*) and, in the last years of the seventeenth century, fought in the Italian campaigns where he showed exceptional valour at the battle of Marsaglia in 1693. He went, too, through the German campaign on the Rhine and, by permission of Louis XIV, was about to transfer his allegiance and activities to Philip V of Spain when he died at Barcelona in 1715.

BROWN, IGNATIUS, Jesuit writer. He was born in Co. Waterford in 1630 and was educated in Spain where, in his twenty-first year, he was admitted into the Society of Jesus at Compostella. After teaching belles-lettres for some time in Castille, he was sent on missionary work to Ireland when imprisonment and exile were the order of the day. In 1673 he went to Paris. There, by his active industry and the influence of Père Ferrier, confessor to Louis XIV, and by the generosity of friends (especially of Catherine, Queen of Charles II), he procured in 1674 letters-patent for the erection of an Irish Jesuit college at Poitiers, of which he was the first rector. He was author of "The Unerring and Unerrable Church" and other works. He died in 1679.

BROWNE, MAJOR, officer of the Irish Brigade and chevalier of St. Louis. Born at Camas, Co. Limerick, of a notable family of soldiers. He was a nephew of Field-Marshal George Count Browne of the Austrian service and a grand-nephew of F. Marshal Peter de Lacy of Russia. Major Browne entered Dillon's Irish regiment in France as a cadet in 1767 and as major, ten years later, accompanied that corps across the Atlantic to help in the American War of Independence. In that conflict he acted as aide-de-camp to Count d'Estaing, the French Commander-in-Chief. At the siege of Savannah in Georgia the Count, contrary to the opinion of Browne, determined to attack the town and ordered the latter to move forward with his regiment. The Irish officer did so, planted the French flag three times on the walls of Savannah, and in the third attempt was killed.

BRYAN (O'BRIEN) COLONEL, officer of Rothe's regiment of Irish Brigade. He was commandant of the National Guard of Lille when his relative, General Theobald Dillon, was assassinated in that town

by his own troops in April 1792. In the autumn of the same year, on the invasion of France by the allies, the Austrian forces proceeded to bombard Lille. Within its walls there was, in addition to the National Guard under Colonel Bryan, but a small garrison. For seven days and nights it was ceaselessly shelled, until a large part of the town was in ashes and six thousand of its inhabitants killed. The small garrison, however, held out, and the siege was abandoned. A few weeks later a deputation from the officers of its garrison was admitted to the bar of the National Convention at Paris. They came, their spokesman said, to swear eternal hatred to tyrants and " to recommend Colonel Brien, their commander, father and friend, to the justice and consideration of the Convention. The enemy came to their walls, but was compelled shamefully to retreat, and Colonel Brien deserved the rewards due for his bravery."

Bugeaud, Thomas, illustrious soldier and Marshal of France. Born in 1784, he was the son of the Marquis de la Piconnerie (representative of an ancient family of Perigord), who was married to Frances, daughter of Patrick Sutton of Clonard, Co. Wexford. The latter, an officer of Walsh's regiment of the Irish Brigade, was ennobled in France as Count de Clonard. His family, all of whom were born in Ireland, resided at Bordeaux, where Daniel MacCarthy, an Irish merchant of that city, married another daughter—two of their sons became officers of the I. Brigade. The Count de Clonard's eldest son, John, also entered an Irish regiment, as did two of Marshal Bugeaud's brothers. These latter (Patrice and Ambrose) emigrated at the time of the Revolution and assumed their mother's name of Sutton. Unlike his brothers, the future marshal, being but a child, did not emigrate. As a youth he entered the Napoleonic army and, after a brilliant career, reached the highest military rank in France. He died in 1849 amidst universal mourning. He has been called " the model of genuine patriotism, soldierly honour and private worth," and at the time of his death was described as " the greatest soldier, after Napoleon, of our time."

Richard Hayes

(*To be continued*).

REVIEWS

Religion

THE HOUSE OF PEACE. Notes on the Spiritual Life. By Rev. M. F. Egan, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1941. 2s. 6d.

THE *House of Peace* is a collection of fifteen studies on different spiritual subjects: five are on prayer, three on Our Lady, and the others on such general subjects as charity, purity of intention, devotion, self-denial, etc. The book manifests all the qualities—freshness, unction, simplicity, solidity—which made *We Would See Jesus* such a charming spiritual book. This new book is written with the same ease and lucidity, but at times with an added power. There is evident also the same disarming unpretentiousness of treatment which tends to conceal depth and delicacy of thought, and a doctrine founded on Scripture, St. Augustine, St. Thomas and the Spiritual Exercises. And in addition there is the unmistakable note of experience.

Nearly half of the book is devoted to different aspects of prayer. It is a good test of a spiritual writer if he can write with interest, freshness and helpfulness on a subject on which so much has been written; but Fr. Egan passes the test with distinction. These chapters will be found helpful and suggestive by souls in every stage of the spiritual life; they will excite the hope that Fr. Egan may be induced to write a full, systematic treatise on this subject. There are certain souls who feel a disesteem if not a distaste for the prayer of petition. The chapters on "Prayer" and "Prayer as Homage" will bring them to a truer view; they show the insistence which Christ always laid on the prayer of petition, and how by means of it He has graciously deigned to give man a share in the Divine governance of the world, and also how the act of petition expresses faithfully the essential relations between the all-indigent creature and the all-beneficent Creator. The chapter on "Prayer as an Elevation of the Soul" treats beautifully and most helpfully of the first and perhaps most important act of prayer—that of placing oneself in God's presence. The study "The Prayer of Stupidity"—the title is Mgr. Knox's—is an analysis of a kind of prayer, or rather a state of soul, which is rather common and easily misunderstood, to the detriment of the soul. Fr. Egan shows that it is a stage intermediate between discursive prayer and contemplation, if not actually one of the lower regions of this latter. A good many will find themselves in this chapter, which is written with much insight; and perhaps for the first time they will come to see where they stand in the spiritual life.

The book "originated from a series of short spiritual instructions given at intervals to a small Jesuit community." There is the danger that the writer may try to deal with every subject within the same narrow limits set by the conditions of their first delivery; and there are traces in one or two of the studies of a certain summariness. What

is given briefly by way of suggestion to a small body of priests trained in the spiritual life, might with profit be expanded for readers much less versed in spiritual ways. It would indeed be a pity if Fr. Egan did not envisage more directly his readers; because in the author of *We Would See Jesus* and *The House of Peace* there has appeared a spiritual writer of real distinction. H. K.

THE MYSTERY OF FAITH. Book I. The Sacrifice of Our Lord. By Maurice de la Taille, S.J. London: Sheed & Ward. 1941. 10s. 6d.

Father de la Taille published his *Mysterium Fidei* in Latin in 1919, and carefully revised each later edition till his death. The book has been translated into French, but no English version of the whole book has yet appeared. English readers, therefore, have had to forego a first-hand acquaintance with it, unless they were able and willing to read it in the original Latin, which is no easy task because the book is long, the argument close and the style difficult. The French version, on which they might fall back, is not entirely satisfactory. Consequently, those who read and think most easily in English should be grateful to Father Carroll for embarking upon the translation of the entire work, footnotes and all. Father Carroll proposes to issue his translation in three volumes, the first of which has come to hand.

Father de la Taille's explanation of Our Lord's sacrifice, an explanation arrived at after patient and critical study of the theological sources, scriptural, patristic and conciliar, is well known. His erudition was astonishing and accurate, his industry painstaking. His argument is tested at every step and developed with due attention to all the elements involved in the problem. No better example could be found in modern times of scientific method in theology. For that reason alone it would repay study by those who wish either to exercise themselves in theological speculation or to enjoy it.

Over and above that, the book treats of a subject which has the greatest significance in the body of truth which we call the Faith, and in our supernatural life. The problem with which it deals is so difficult that many opinions about it are in the field—a sure sign that a theological question is deep.

Admittedly, Fr. de la Taille has not won over everybody to his view. It was often attacked during his lifetime, not always fairly. Father de la Taille had to point out in defence that he was sometimes misrepresented. On the whole, however, the book has fared well and its leading proposition has found enthusiastic supporters among contemporary theologians. The tide at the moment seems to be running in his favour. Perhaps what most attracts his followers is the way in which Father de la Taille shows how Our Lord's life led up

to the Eucharist, how He glorified God through it as the liturgical oblation of a redemptive sacrifice, and how He operates through it, after His Ascension, as the Priest and Victim in the daily sacrifice which is the deepest act of adoration. Thus Father de la Taille weaves into a pattern, with the Eucharist and the Mass as the centre, the love of the historical and the love of the Risen Christ, the Head of the Mystical Body.

The translation is faithful to the original—so faithful, indeed, that the style and idiom are Latin rather than English. At times too, the meaning is hard to come by ; but these defects do not rob the translation of its chief merit—*viz.*, that it is, on the whole, a true account of what *Mysterium Fidei* contains. J. E. C.

IN SOFT GARMENTS. A Collection of Oxford Conferences. By the Right Reverend Monsignor Ronald Knox. London : Burns Oates. 1942. 188 pages. 6s.

THIS book consists of twenty-four Sunday sermons, or rather lectures, which were delivered to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford by their Chaplain. Half of them cover the essentials of apologetics, the philosophical defence of religion and the historical consideration of Christ and His Church. The other half treat of selected questions of Catholic faith and morals, especially such as have an apologetical importance in England—*e.g.* Infallibility, the Incarnation, Immortality, Divorce.

It is the masterly treatment of this subject-matter with reference to current thought which gives the book its great value and makes it such interesting reading. Monsignor Knox has obviously devoted considerable care to the composition of these conferences. He has kept his audience and their environment steadily in view ; he has considered just what difficulties are raised and what points ought to be made in reply ; and he has made as many of these points as possible without cramming and without sacrificing clarity. Clarity of thought and expression is one of the qualities we expect from this author, and we find it in its customary company : a certain originality of presentation of even familiar themes, an understanding of the troubled thoughts of other minds coupled with a happy knack of calming them in a most satisfactory way, a humanist's moderation in dealing with adversaries which yet entails no loss of uncompromising cogency, an easy reasonableness at once thoroughly Catholic and up-to-date which often makes the reader feel he had been thinking already along the same lines. It is as if " the present position of Catholics " were submitted to the same old penetrating gaze and the new observations were recorded in a form and style more suited to modern requirements.

Monsignor Knox hopes these conferences may be read by some of

those who once heard them and by members of the Catholic Evidence Guild. They should be read, too, by Catholic undergraduates in Trinity College and the other Colleges in Ireland who wish to be able to give a reasonable account of their faith when confronted with irreligious or anti-Catholic ideas—of which Oxford has no monopoly. The teacher of apologetics and even the student of theology will find many things better expressed in this than in his own text-book.

B. Lawler

Agriculture

RECONSTRUCTION AND THE LAND. By Sir Daniel Hall. London: Macmillan. 1941. 12s. 6d.

The future of agriculture in Great Britain has been the subject of a great deal of discussion. Considerable differences of opinion regarding the wisest policy exist even among experts. The extreme liberal free trade school believes that the industry should be allowed to solve its problems without any artificial shelter or assistance. Such a course would, however, result in a great decline in British farming owing to the low prices of agricultural imports from overseas countries enjoying advantages in production. On the other hand, the maintenance of home production at anything approaching its present level would involve a very heavy burden on consumers and taxpayers. After the war Great Britain will have ceased to be a creditor nation and will depend more than ever before upon extensive exports. An export trade cannot be developed if the cost of living is kept artificially high as a result of a heavily protected agriculture. The only solution of the dilemma is that the agricultural industry should be put on a basis on which it could maintain a considerable volume of production and at the same time pay its way. Such a solution is suggested in this challenging and controversial book.

Sir Daniel Hall points out that British agriculture has gone through many changes in order to adapt itself to new conditions. "It began with villeinage, little removed from serfdom, and grew into a peasantry which in its turn was divided by enclosures into owners and landless men. This structure in its turn became the community of landlords, tenant farmers and labourers that we have known but which is now waiting for a further development." The new structure that is needed to meet the technical conditions of present-day farming is one of very large mechanized farms. Such a reconstruction is outside the power of the present landowners, who have neither the imagination nor the capital to put it through. Moreover combined action, involving several estates, is necessary. The land must therefore be nationalized, the owners being compensated by a long dated Government stock. A corporation should be formed, with capital provided by the Government, to redistribute the land into larger and more economic units and to

carry out the necessary drainage and reclamation. The land, having been redistributed and reconditioned, should be let to carefully selected tenants who would be provided with abundant technical advice. The relation between home production and imports of farm products should be planned and the marketing of all such products placed in the hands of Supply Boards. Those are the principal features of Sir Daniel Hall's programme.

To Irish readers, familiar with the operation of the Land Purchase Acts, the proposal that the landlords' interest should be acquired by the State will appear neither revolutionary nor impracticable. The rearrangement of the size of holdings would be politically impossible in Ireland, but Sir Daniel Hall's warning against the uneconomic character of small holdings should not be ignored. "In recent times, with the opening of new countries and the impact of scientific and engineering discoveries, peasant farming has been subjected to a competition it cannot meet. The more of its population any country has to devote to food production by peasant farming the poorer will be the whole community." These are statements of serious import for Irish farmers. If the creation of larger holdings is impossible, it is at least possible to avoid the creation of smaller ones. British farming is in a totally different position from Irish, and Sir Daniel Hall's programme, which has won approval in many conservative quarters, may quite possibly form the basis of agricultural policy after the war. It is a strictly realistic policy in which agriculture is regarded as a business like any other industry, without any regard for considerations about keeping the people on the land or preserving the amenities of the countryside. Farming is to be industrialized and conducted with the utmost efficiency in the light of the latest scientific research. The numbers engaged in agricultural production will be drastically reduced, and the importation of cheap fertilizers and feeding stuffs will be not only tolerated but encouraged. However unattractive this programme may appear to those who regard agriculture through sentimental glasses or to those who worship at the shrine of self-sufficiency, it may be the only alternative to letting British farming decay in the face of world competition or to maintaining production at a price which an impoverished and war-weary nation may not be able or willing to pay.

G. O'B.

Archaeology

IRISH CASTLES AND CASTELLATED HOUSES. By Harold G. Leask, M.R.I.A.I., M.R.I.A. Dundalk: W. Tempest. 1941. Pp. 170. 8s. 6d. net.

WHAT is a castle? May the term be properly applied to a Norman mote-and-bailey or to an Irish dún? Were there castles of mortared

stone in Ireland before A.D. 1169? What is the difference between a castle and a tower house? Where was the largest castle in Ireland situated and when was it built? What is a bartizan, a barbican, a squinch, a hanging-eye? The conundrums for a castellated "Question-Time" might be multiplied indefinitely, and the correct answers quoted from Mr. Leask's excellent book. Not only is the author a highly qualified architect, but as Inspector of National Monuments in Éire he has had advantages enjoyed by few. His treatment of the subject is authoritative and masterly.

The great period of castle building in Ireland extended, generally speaking, from 1180 to 1310. Mr. Leask distinguishes three groups: the first with "donjon" or keep of rectangular plan either incorporated in the outer defences or isolated within the walls; the second with round or polygonal keeps; the third with towered keeps, a specially Irish type. Examples of the first group are to be found at Carrickfergus, Greencastle (Co. Donegal), Trim, Adare, Maynooth, Athenry; of the second group at Nenagh, Shanid and Athlone; of the third group at Carlow, Ferns, Lea, Terryglass, Enniscorthy.

Castles without keeps belong usually to the second half of the 13th century, but the three great city castles at Dublin, Limerick and Kilkenny, built earlier in the same century, seem to have lacked this feature from the beginning. Very little of Dublin Castle is now left, but an extant plan, made at the end of the 17th century, gives the building in almost its original form. The "egregium castellum" founded by Prince John at Limerick is not represented by any part of the present structure, the building of which first began in the early years of the thirteenth century. Kilkenny Castle, destined to become the chief seat of the Butlers, underwent many alterations since it first arose on the bank of the Nore in the 13th century. To the same period belongs the castle at Roscrea, with its fine gate tower now facing the street, but originally occupying the north side of the enclosure.

Very imposing are the castles built on rocks. That at Dunluce, Co. Antrim, stood on a cliff surrounded by the sea. Its construction is ascribed to the Red Earl of Ulster, and its later history is connected with the Mac Quillans and the Mac Donnells. Magnificent, too, was Dunamase in Leix, with its memories of Dermot Mac Murrough and of the O'Moores before it passed into Norman hands. The great rock beside the Shannon was an ideal site for the fortress that gave its name to Castleconnell, Co. Limerick. Here the original builders were apparently the O'Conaings, who were displaced by their political superiors, the O'Briens, who in turn were displaced by the Burkes, whose hold on the place remained to the end of the nineteenth century, though the castle itself was destroyed in the Cromwellian wars.

Roscommon, Ballintubber, Ballymote, Ardrahan, Clonmore, Clon-

macnois, Ardfinnan, Aghadoe, Ballymoon are some of the powerful military castles erected during the 13th century.

There was very little building in the 14th century, possibly because the Normans had reached the point of maximum development and, in military strength, were now on the wane; possibly because of the exhaustion that followed the Bruce war and the depopulation and discouragement caused by the Black Death. A new period of activity begins about 1440. Many monasteries were built for the Friars, and many belfries and cloister arcades were added to edifices that already existed. By far the greater number of fortified residences, those single tower castles with which the Irish countryside is everywhere dotted, belong to this period. The type remained popular in the 16th and 17th centuries. Fine early examples may be seen at Clara and Burnchurch, Co. Kilkenny, and a splendid later example at Derryhivenny, near Portumna, erected by Domhnall O'Madden in 1643. In general these towers are rectangular, but occasionally they are round, reminding one strongly of the early Reginald's Tower at Waterford. Good examples of the latter class are to be seen at Ballynahow and Synone, Co. Tipperary, and at Rathuard beside Limerick, which was covered originally in part by a wooden roof pyramidal in shape. Larger castles of the period, like that at Blarney, Co. Cork, built by McCarthy Mór in 1446, and that at Bunratty, Co. Clare, built probably by the Mac Namaras in the same century, are extremely well known. Askeaton and Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, were famous for their halls, built on an elaborate scale before the end of the 15th century.

The Purcell Castle at Loughmoe, Co. Tipperary, shows a 17th century large house attached to a 15th century rectangular tower. Additions of a somewhat similar kind were made by Conor O'Brien and his wife, the strong-willed Máire Ruadh, to Lemaneagh Castle, Co. Clare, in 1643. In the North, at this time, many plantation castles were constructed. With the coming of artillery the castle, as a fortress, lost much of its efficacy. Owners began to leave them for undefended houses which, in some cases, were left so near the original castles that the two remained, like a frock-coat and a corduroy trousers on a man, a single incongruous building.

No comprehensive survey of the castles of Ireland has yet been made. It is incredible, for instance, that while Limerick possessed 405 known examples of this type of edifice, Monaghan should have but 6 and Wicklow but 9 or 10. The subject obviously awaits further investigation. A *corpus* of Irish castles, with superb plans and illustrations, like those which Mr. Leask provides, and a full commentary, architectural and historical, in every case, would be a work of the highest value. Meanwhile Mr. Leask and his patriotic and enterprising publisher, Mr. Tempest, have shown the lines which those entrusted with the larger task should follow.

J. R.

Biography

CHARTIST PORTRAITS. By G. D. H. Cole. London: Macmillan. 1941. 15s.

THIS volume tells the story of the Chartist movement and of its social background by means of twelve biographical studies of men who were either leaders in it or closely associated with its fortunes. The movement which, according to Mr. Cole, was based on "hunger and hatred" is described in an introductory chapter against the dark background of the industrial revolution. The three proximate causes of the formation of Chartism were the failure of the workers to obtain legal regulation of hours of labour in factories, the growth of the new trade unionism against the efforts of employers to suppress it and the extension of the workhouse provisions of the Poor Law to the industrial parts of the country. The People's Charter, the six points of which contained nothing new or original, became "a symbol of working class aspirations, sufferings and resentments which gave it an almost sacred character." The story of the rise and fall of the movement is well told by Mr. Cole. After 1842 the Chartists became hopelessly divided, principally because of differences of opinion about O'Connor's land scheme, which did not attract the better paid artisans. Opinion was also divided about the repeal of the corn laws, and the two great popular organizations, Chartism and the Anti-Corn Law League, were in opposition on some points. With the rising prosperity of the fifties, the Chartist movement died out and disappeared.

The twelve short biographies throw much light on the economic and social condition of England a hundred years ago. It is impossible to refer to them all, but three may be specially mentioned. Thomas Attwood, the Birmingham banker who presented the first national petition in the House of Commons in 1839, is memorable for his agitation for monetary reform which is singularly reminiscent of many controversies today. Attwood believed, with a good deal of justification, that the depression following the Napoleonic war was the result of the deflationary monetary policy that was pursued. The so-called resumption of cash payment in 1819 condemned England to a deflation which had the effect of depressing trade and of increasing the burden of the national debt. Attwood agitated, both in and out of Parliament, for the adoption of a currency system that would stabilize wages and prices, but he was opposed, not only by the financiers and economists, but also by Cobbett and the Radicals who had a rooted dislike of paper money. Attwood's association with the Chartists was due to his belief that the introduction of their projected reforms would enable him to try his monetary experiments. During the debate on the presentation of the petition, Lord John Russell produced a placard issued by the Chartists denouncing paper money. Attwood was so hurt by this

manoeuvre that he resigned from Parliament and lived the rest of his life in retirement. His monetary doctrines were forgotten until they were revived in the controversy on the return of the pound sterling to gold in 1925.

The two other biographies that call for special mention in an Irish periodical are those of James Bronterre O'Brien and Feargus O'Connor. Mr. Cole expresses surprise that no full biography of O'Connor has been written, and discloses the fact that a life of O'Brien by Dr. Alfred Plummer, of which he has made extensive use, is ready for publication. O'Brien who, according to Mr. Cole, was " intellectually the ablest of all the Chartists leaders," was born in Longford in 1805, was educated in Richard Lovell Edgeworth's model school and in Trinity College, Dublin, and became a member of the Irish and English Bars. He became actively associated with radical politics both as a journalist and as a lecturer, and was one of the most influential among the earlier Chartists. He acquired the title " the Chartist Schoolmaster " on account of his efforts to give the movement a theoretical basis founded on the principles of the French Revolution combined with the teachings of Cobbett and Owen. A believer in physical force, O'Brien came in conflict with the law in 1840 and served a term of imprisonment. On his release he quarrelled with O'Connor and appeared embittered and incapable of any prolonged effort. During the fifties he was associated with many working class and reformist movements and died, poor and disillusioned, in 1864.

Feargus O'Connor, born in 1794, was a son of Roger O'Connor the United Irishman and was educated at Portarlington Grammar School, Trinity College and King's Inns. He was elected for County Cork in 1832 as a repealer, but he quarrelled with Daniel O'Connell and transferred his interest to English politics. He founded the *Northern Star* newspaper in Leeds in 1837, was active in the early days of Chartism and was imprisoned for seditious libel in 1840. Three years later he originated his land scheme, which aimed at planting England with small holders. A number of estates were actually bought and a number of small holdings created before the scheme was wound up following a parliamentary inquiry. He was elected member for Nottingham in 1847, presented the third national petition in 1849 and died, after some years' confinement for insanity, in 1855. Of all the Chartists, O'Connor possessed the greatest capacity for leadership. " He was in truth," Mr. Cole states, " a disastrous leader ; but it is very doubtful whether any leadership would have enabled the Chartist movement to succeed." O'Connor's indignation was roused to fury by the spectacle of suffering and oppression. His sincere espousal of the cause of the " under-dog " was what made him the idol of the English working classes. When it came to formulating positive policies he was vacillating

and vague, and was a difficult colleague. He quarrelled with his associates one by one, and his manners in controversy made reconciliation impossible. " Moderation in speaking was alien to his nature ; and the habit grew on him of writing very nearly as he spoke—using words and phrases as means of stirring the passions of his readers, never arguing but always violently asserting whatever he wanted to be believed, and always making his allusions highly personal and concrete, with the least possible admixture of abstract ideas." It was this unamiable method of controversy that secured for O'Connor the enthusiasm of the masses, but it cost him the respect of his intellectual equals. According to Mr. Cole, he was " the best-loved as well as the most hated man in the Chartist movement." G. O'B.

History

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES. By Ludwig, Freiherr von Pastor. Translated by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. Volumes XXXIII and XXXIV. London : Kegan Paul. 1941. Pp. 554 & 596.

THESE new volumes of Pastor's monumental history deal with the pontificates of Clement XI (1700-1721), Innocent XIII (1721-1724), Benedict XIII (1724-1730) and Clement XII (1730-1740). All four were men of culture and men of personally irreproachable character. Strong pressure was necessary to induce two of the four to accept the tiara, an indication of the great change that had taken place in the ranks of the highest prelates of the Church since the days of the Renaissance Popes. On the other hand political influence, negative and positive, was markedly present in the four elections. The Emperor and the King of France were kept in touch with every move within the Conclave. Objections raised by either would prove fatal to the candidature of any Cardinal ; whilst the support of the imperial or of the royal party was essential if the necessary majority were to be secured. Whatever might be said of the divine right of kings, the human right of the dominant Catholic rulers to interfere in the choice of the Sovereign Pontiff was not seriously questioned.

On the papal throne as elsewhere it is the person who counts, and the reactions of the four to problems that remained fundamentally the same afford material for a fascinating study. Clement XI was timorous and hesitating by disposition. In the war of the Spanish Succession he could not bring himself to side resolutely with either claimant. His vacillation infuriated both sides. Believing that he could be driven to submit, they strove ruthlessly to secure their ends by violence. What he suffered in the process was indifferent to them. His life was thus a martyrdom, relieved by few consolations. The one event of major significance which brought him pleasure was the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks beside Belgrade in 1717. In the realm

of doctrine trouble with the Jansenists broke forth afresh ; and in the Far East the dispute on Chinese rites came to a head and ruined what promised to be one of the very fairest of mission fields. Truly the lot of Clement XI was cast in evil days.

The earlier stages of the Jansenist controversy may be briefly recalled. Jansen's teaching on the relation between grace and free-will approximated to the Calvinist theory of predestination and was condemned at once by Pope Urban VIII. But in the popular mind the disciplinary rather than the theological side of Jansenism was in the foreground ; the Jansenists, in other words, were not so much people who held heterodox views on grace as people whose teaching on questions of morality was extremely rigorous. Thus, in the administration of the two sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, absolution was denied until heavy works of satisfaction had been performed. And a long period of severe penitential exercises and assiduous cleansing of the soul was demanded before the faithful dared approach the Holy Table. The effect was undeniably evil. Preparation for Confession became a torture ; and the worthy reception of Holy Communion became so difficult that the easier way was to abandon the effort and abstain altogether. Even in Port Royal, where the nuns were regarded as models of Jansenist piety, the reception of the sacraments fell off alarmingly. Innocent X sought to remedy this situation by the Constitution of May 31, 1653, which condemned five Jansenist propositions. Antoine Arnauld and his friends admitted that these were heretical (*quaestio iuris*) but contended that they were not to be found in Jansen's writings (*quaestio facti*). They therefore refused to accept the Pope's decision.

At this point the extraordinary literary ability of Pascal came to their aid. The brilliant style of the "Lettres à un Provincial" captivated French readers. Facts of far greater import than style were conveniently overlooked. Pascal, whose age was 33 when the first letter appeared, had never received any theological training ; nor had he read the books which he purported to refute, nor did he trouble himself to exclude calumnies, false quotations, the attribution of views to his victims which they had chronicled only to reject. There is a touch of the comic in the sight of this smart young man, with his narrow experience of life, posing as the intrepid champion of Christian morality against men who had given their all to God's service and in whom devotion to the cause of God and His Church was the first law of their being. Thus strengthened the party of Port Royal refused the order of Pope Alexander VII to accept the condemnation of Jansen not merely as to the *quaestio iuris* but also as to the *quaestio facti*. So great was the resulting confusion in France that Clement IX, in 1669, thought better to restore peace by dropping the demand that the formula should be signed.

Now in 1701 a so-called "case of conscience" was the occasion of renewed polemics. Might a priest be absolved who did not accept the condemnation of the five propositions as to the *quaestio facti*? Forty doctors of the Sorbonne held that he might be absolved if he promised to observe respectful silence towards the Holy See. Clement XI rejected this judgment. The doctors submitted, but not so the nuns. The latter were then expelled by Louis XIV and their buildings, including the Church, razed to the ground. Soon afterwards a translation of the New Testament, with "moral reflections" in a Jansenistic sense by the Oratorian Quesnel, caused another outbreak. Noailles, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, took Quesnel's side. In 1713 Clement XI in the Bull "Unigenitus" condemned 101 propositions from Quesnel's work. Noailles and eight other bishops with the Sorbonne and many of the regular clergy appealed to a General Council against the Pope. Clement XI excommunicated these "Appellants" in 1718. Noailles did not submit until 1728; and the Sorbonne not until 1730. For practical purposes the sect might then be regarded as dead, save for a small offshoot in Holland. The final *coup-de-grâce* to Jansenist rigorism was given by Pius X whose decree on Frequent and Daily Communion swept the last traces of the "Janseniana lues" out of the Catholic fold.

In the question of Chinese rites the situation was far more complicated. Superstitious observances could not be tolerated in converts. On the other hand national customs, formal and not religious in nature, could not be abrogated without imposing upon neophytes an all but unendurable strain. To decide what observances were religious, what formal, required an intimate knowledge of the Chinese mind and of the Chinese language. Here the Jesuit missionaries excelled; but their cautious efforts to distinguish were misinterpreted, their persons and their Order reviled and maligned. Outcry was loudest among the Jansenists of France, whose knowledge of China hardly exceeded their knowledge of Mars. In 1692 the Emperor Kanghi had permitted the free preaching of the Gospel within his dominions. A day seemed to be breaking for which there was no parallel since the conversion of Constantine the Great. How the promise was belied and the Emperor disgusted by the squabbles, blunders, and not least by the bad manners, of European clergy in China is, perhaps, the saddest chapter in the history of the Church's missions. A Brief of Innocent XIII in 1728 to the Jesuit General, Michael Angelo Tamburini shows how far the campaign of calumny, then for a generation in full swing, had succeeded in blackening the good name of the Society. Enemies had already entered on the way which would lead to the suppression of the Order in 1773.

Innocent XIII belonged to the family which had given to the

Church the great mediaeval Pope Innocent III. An act which we Irish Catholics will appreciate was the proclamation of an Indulgence in favour of our cruelly oppressed ancestors in 1723. He was succeeded by a Dominican friar who took the name of Benedict XIII. His short pontificate has features of exceptional interest. Benedict was a man of ascetic life and remarkable personal piety. The liturgical side of his high office appealed to him so strongly that he sacrificed the administrative side of the Papacy to it. Inexperienced himself in secular matters he handed over the control of these to an avaricious and venal minister—with untoward consequences. To be an able Pope it is not enough to be an excellent religious. Benedict, like Clement XI, whose patronage extended to manuscript research, art and archaeology, was a friend of scholars. The white marble statue on his tomb shows him engaged in fervent prayer; and as a man of God, humble, devout, simple as a dove, he has a good claim to be remembered.

Clement XII belonged to a wealthy merchant family in Florence. His chief political difficulties were with Spain, but France and the Empire, too, had become infected with the new spirit of hostility towards the Church, so that conflicts with the Holy See were chronic. He was an excellent administrator and his gifts in this respect were badly needed, for the Papal States alone might cause despair in any ruler. Persecution now raged in China; and elsewhere in the mission fields, as in the celebrated Paraguay Reductions, grave difficulties were encountered. Clement XII was very kindly disposed towards Oriental Uniates. He deserved well of learning and art and did his part to enrich the Vatican library. His was the distinction of having created the first public museum of antiquities in Europe. The exquisite Fountain de Trevi and the Cappella Corsini in the Lateran Basilica were also built to his orders. When it is remembered that he was nearly 79 years old when elected and that for the last eight years of his life he was totally blind, his courage and his energy are worthy of all praise. Like the other Pontiffs mentioned, he did what in him lay to leaven the lump of a very imperfect world. J. R.

CHINA THROUGH CATHOLIC EYES. By Thomas F. Ryan, S.J. With a preface by Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Hong Kong. 1941. Pp. 80.

THIS book of eighty pages gives us a "bird's-eye" view of one of the principal fields of Catholic missionary activity. It is an outline, beautifully proportioned, written by one who has an intimate and detailed knowledge of China and its people, a deep sympathy with his subject, and a rare ability to discern essentials. The result is an outline clear, simple and true. Finely printed on art paper, excellently

illustrated, written in a style that is clear and incisive, it is a book which it is a delight to read.

The book is divided into two parts: "The Land and the People" and "The Catholic Church in China." In the first part Fr. Ryan writes of China's great past, its religion, its ancient culture, its history; and then we are given a picture of modern China, China of the revolution inaugurated with the establishment of the Republic in 1911. Fr. Ryan does well to devote most of the first part to modern China; for while the ancient glories of China are fairly well appreciated in the West, the significance of the revolution in China is little understood. From very complex material Fr. Ryan, with a master hand, has picked out the salient facts, the dominant personalities, the essential tendencies which have gone to the making of modern China and which are still influencing its development. It would be difficult to find within the same compass so illuminating an account.

Having given us a picture of the land in which our Catholic missionaries are labouring and of the people among whom they work, Fr. Ryan next tells of the Church in China and its manifold activities. It was the zeal of the Church in carrying out its divine mission that gave to Europe its first certain knowledge of the great Chinese Empire. Franciscan missionaries followed closely in the steps of Marco Polo, but their efforts, heroic and fruitful though they were, came to nought owing to the break-down of communications between East and West. The continuity of Catholic activity in China dates from Ricci, and the rapid progress of the Church from the beginning of the present century. There are now over three million Catholics in China, and the present rate of increase is about a million every ten years. Within the space of twenty-five pages Fr. Ryan has given us an able summary of the work and progress of the Church in China. No phase of this work is neglected, and the chapter on Catholic education tells a story of unostentatious yet none the less heroic apostolic work, so essential if all grades of Chinese society are to be Christianized and a native Church with its own native clergy firmly established. The effects of the present Sino-Japanese war on the missions in China are also briefly dealt with. Wherever the tide of war has rolled over and past, mission property has often suffered severely, churches, schools, mission houses being destroyed; but the missionaries have remained, helping the unfortunate victims of the war out of their slender resources, feeding the starving, taking care of the orphan, tending the wounded, baptizing, instructing, saving, showing forth the charity of Christ to hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people. To this work of our missionaries Madame Chiang Kai-shek, in her preface to the book, pays a noble and touching tribute.

Fr. Ryan ends his book with an expression of his confidence in the future of China and of the Catholic Church in China, and those who read his book must feel the same. T. B.

ANALECTA HIBERNICA. No. 10 : July 1941. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin : Stationery Office. 1941. 10s.

THE Irish Manuscripts Commission has a fine record of published work to its credit for the past twelve years, and this last issue of *Analecta Hibernica* contains some very useful new material. Pride of place goes, and rightly, to two long contributions from Dr. David B. Quinn, of Queen's University, Belfast. In the first (" Guide to English Financial Records for Irish History 1461-1558 ") he gives a brief but very competent account of Anglo-Irish financial administration at this period and a summary description of the various classes of English financial documents (almost all of them in the Public Record Office, London) from which he has drawn his materials. A long series of extracts (pp. 17-67) of financial records concerning the administration in Ireland is followed by some helpful suggestions for future work on the same lines. Miss Agnes Conway had already shown Irish students how much unexplored material of this kind lay ready to hand in the Record Office ; but her extracts (as printed in her *Relations of Henry VII with Scotland and Ireland*, 1485-1498) were very much more limited in scope than Dr. Quinn's ample collections. His second contribution (" The Bills and Statutes of the Irish Parliaments of Henry VII and Henry VIII ") fills just one hundred pages of this issue, and collects from a variety of sources all texts of this nature that are not marked down for inclusion in the official series of the *Irish Statute Rolls*. The texts here printed are not very appetising fare for the ordinary reader ; but they must have cost Dr. Quinn a great deal of time and labour, and all students of the Tudor period owe him a very real debt of gratitude.

Mr. Newport B. White adds four items of varied interest. The first is perhaps the most valuable : a complete text of Archbishop Alen's *Reportorium Viride*, one of the few surviving documents of the pre-Reformation Irish Church. The original roll—a list of churches of the dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough—was compiled by Alen in the years 1532–33, and is now in the custody of Most Rev. Dr. Barton. No less than ten transcripts have been preserved, all of which have been duly examined by Mr. White. Only one of them, attributed to Sir James Ware and now in the same custody, is sufficiently accurate to be used as a source from which the text of the injured original roll can be reconstructed. This text is followed by a more disappointing item : an account, with a few stray extracts, of the Annals of Dudley Loftus now in Marsh's Library. Mr. White, as Marsh's Librarian, has

been able to give a full account of this compilation, which dates from the late seventeenth century. But his extracts have been chosen on no very clear principle of selection, and his account raises problems which need to be answered. One of the sources used by Loftus, for example, was the medieval "Annals of St. Mary's, Dublin," of which only one late and imperfect copy survives. Ware had access to a better text in his day. Would it be possible to fill some of the lacunae in the text of the T.C.D. MS. by reference to the extracts made, in an English version, by Dudley Loftus?

Canon E. J. Young, rector of St. Paul's and St. Michan's, Dublin, has notified the Commission of the existence of a number of applotment books in his custody. Mr. White gives a brief account of these; and also of George Clarke's correspondence during the Irish war of 1690-91, now in T.C.D. Library.

The late Dr. Paul Walsh presents here a full transcript of the "Adams Rental"—a manuscript account of the Adams estate in Co. Westmeath, which dates from 1697 and was presented to the National Library in 1933 by Mrs. Randall Adams. This rental, to quote Dr. Walsh, "contains the record of the formation of a great post-Cromwellian estate in Co. Westmeath: no document of precisely the same nature has, as far as we know, been before printed."

Mr. Seamus Pender adds a brief account of O'Ferrall's *Linea Antiqua*, a nineteenth-century transcript of an older (late seventeenth-century) original, now in the custody of Ulster King-of-Arms. The original, in the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle, is not accessible to the public. But this transcript, which was made under the direction of Sir William Betham, is now in the National Library, with additions by Betham himself.

Perhaps the most useful section in the whole of this miscellany is the brief note (pp. 295-8) in which Mr. R. C. Simington calls attention to the importance of the Tithe Composition Applotment Books, dating from 1823-37, which are now housed in the Land Commission. Here is a unique survey of pre-Famine agricultural Ireland, hardly known to the average student and in danger of perishing from lack of proper appreciation of its value. Mr. Simington ends his note with the following comments, which deserve a wider publicity: "All these considerations unite in exalting the Tithe Valuation as one of the most precious possessions of the nation and in urging serious consideration for its preservation. In the course of its examination, it was observed that the ink of many books [some of the records are of the "humble copybook" type] was rapidly fading and that illegibility would soon be a widespread reality. . . . Attention has already been called to this regrettable development and it is understood that some effort has been made to deal with particularly precarious examples."

Dr. Best adds a few corrections of the text of his " Oldest Fragments of the Senchas Mar," already printed by the Irish Manuscripts Commission. A. G.

Philosophy

EFFICIENT CAUSALITY IN ARISTOTLE AND ST. THOMAS. By Francis X. Meehan, M.A. Washington : Catholic University of America. 1940. Pp. xxii + 424.

THE sub-title of this book proclaims it to be " A Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the School of Philosophy of The Catholic University of America in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy."

The main object of the author is to reveal the substantial similarity between the etiologies of Aristotle and Aquinas. This is done by showing in the first part of the book how Aristotle, from a study of his predecessors, produced " the first full-blown causal theory which the ancient world had ever seen." The second part of the work is devoted to a study of efficient causality in the writings of St. Thomas, who (according to the author) " subjected to the fire of burning scrutiny . . . the thought of the ages," with the result that " Aristotle's general etiology . . . became the spine of his metaphysical system."

Since this dissertation is introduced as " a study that is primarily historical," the reader is led to expect an objective *exposé* of the doctrine of the two great philosophers. But, unfortunately, Father Meehan is inclined to be somewhat subjective in his treatment. Thus, for instance, in his protracted discussion of the nature of action he forces the sense of the words of St. Thomas into agreement with his own opinion (pp. 226-227). By admitting a real distinction between *actio in agente* and *actio ab agente* (as does John of S. Thomas), the words in question could have been accepted in their obvious sense. Again, the doctrine of the metaphysical impossibility of *actio in distans* is attributed to Aristotle and St. Thomas, though a careful study of their teaching reveals that their rejection of distant action is based merely on induction.

When dealing with God's movement of the human will, the author admirably explains the necessity of a certain *physical premotion*—a doctrine which is found in the works of Cardinal Billot, S.J. and Father V. Remer, S.J. " But over and above this," we are told, " it seems necessary to say that this motion is—one hesitates to use the word—a predetermination." In support of this statement Father Meehan strangely argues : " It is clear that He moves and *therefore* determines both natural and voluntary causes."

Five Thomist formulations of the principle of causality are examined in due course. In each case short original proofs are given, but each time Father Meehan appears to prove the converse of the truth which

he is trying to demonstrate. Thus, for instance, when attempting to prove that: "Whatever begins to exist, is being caused," he starts with an analysis of the Predicate ("being-caused") and from this he deduces the Subject ("beginning-to-exist"). In this way he proves (?) that: "Whatever is being-caused, is necessarily beginning-to-exist"—a proposition which is the converse of the proposition in question. This converse proposition can hardly be reconciled with the necessity of divine conservation.

However, in spite of these blemishes the book contains a useful collection of texts from Aristotle and St. Thomas. Praiseworthy also is the intention of the author, who presents "the doctrine of Aristotle modified by St. Thomas . . . confident that it contains the solution to the questions that perplex the modern mind." T. V. F.

Babylonian Epic

L'EPOPEE DE GILGAMESH. Edited by Dr. G. Contenau, Conservateur au Musée du Louvre. Paris: L'Artisan du Livre (Choureau & Cie). 1939. pp. 300.

What the Chanson de Roland was to the Middle Ages, the Táin to the Irish, and the Iliad to the Greeks, the poem of Gilgamesh was to the Ancient East. It related the marvellous adventures of a hero in whom the listeners found the ideal of national bravery and prowess. And with it the origins of epic poetry are carried back two thousand years before Homer, to the penumbra of the pre-history where the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires are forming in the Mesopotamia of the Sumerians. It is to the great libraries of cuneiform tablets which the last great King of Assyria, Ashurbanipal (fl. 650 B.C.), collected in Nineveh that we owe most of our knowledge of the poem. From his reign dates the most complete though most recent text, containing (in Assyrian) well over half of the original 3,600 lines of the poem. Fragments in Hittite and Sumerian, however, not merely help to complete the poem; but as they are from 1,000 to 1,500 years more ancient and reflect a past more ancient still, place the origin of the poem in the pre-Semitic culture to which the Babylonians and Assyrians succeeded. The prototype therefore of the great Babylonian epic seems to be, like that of their cosmogonies, Sumerian; this tells strongly, as M. Contenau insists, against the "Pan-Semitic" theories so long in vogue.

Gilgamesh appears as King of the Sumerian town of Uruk, the Erech of the Bible. He is the builder of its famous walls and temple, of stature almost divine in mind and body, but a burden now to the people by reason of his arrogant oppression. To redress the evil, the gods create a hero like him, Enkidu, a cave-man type who lives among the beasts. He too becomes a drag on men, as he protects the beasts

from the hunter, until a temple-priestess entices him from his savage ways, initiates him into the customs of civilisation and brings him to Uruk, where, after an indecisive trial of strength, Gilgamesh and he become friends. Enterprising and courageous, Gilgamesh induces Enkidu to seek adventures with him, in the hope of gaining an immortal name. After a combat where the gods intervene as unsportingly on the side of the heroes as they do for their favourites in the *Iliad*, they destroy the monster who guards the forest of cedars. Then the goddess Ishtar falls in love with Gilgamesh, only to be spurned by him with an insulting recital of the fate of her lovers. The angry goddess has a bull created specially to crush him, but the heroes kill it and fling the dismembered carcass at the lamenting Ishtar.

The next scene shows Enkidu dying—why is not clear—and he dies cursing the priestess. Now Gilgamesh shows himself a victim to all man's fear of death and sets out on a difficult journey to Um-Napishti, his ancestor, the only mortal who had escaped the Deluge and gained immortality. After many perils, including the crossing of the waters of death, Gilgamesh reaches the sage, who tells him of a wonderful plant at the bottom of the sea which restores youth. Gilgamesh succeeds in securing the plant, but on his way home a snake snatches it and leaves him to face the common doom of mortals; the poem ends with a desolating description of the realms of the dead, given by an Enkidu who is allowed a few instants on earth as a ghost, another true Achilles to this ancient Ulysses.

In putting this ancestor of the epic within reach of a public wider than specialists in Oriental studies, M. Contenau does not undertake a new critical translation. But he presents a text which reaps the fruit of the studies of many editors, and it reads with the smooth clarity which is in the best tradition of French scholarship. In his setting of the poem, he makes skilful use of his vast archaeological knowledge to reconstruct the Sumerian Uruk of 2500 B.C., by which time the epic must have received its definite contours. Pictures of the life of the people—in farmyard, market or temple—show the same taste and balance which M. Contenau brings to discuss the personages and pantheon of the poem. Nearly forty years after the "Religions Sémitiques," he rejoins the late Père Lagrange in recognising the strictly "epic" character of the poem, not merely in its construction but in its lack of symbolism and of didactic intent. Its obviously narrative interest is as remote from the solar mythology of Babylon as it is from the monotheistic history of the Bible. In tracing however the wide influence of the epic in literature and iconography, M. Contenau does not fail to signal *e.g.* the first appearance of the myth of Actaeon, nor how the Ancients of Uruk, prudently urging Gilgamesh to let Enkidu go in front of him when attacking the monster of the forest,

are the authentic models of the Greek Tragic Chorus; but he does not go so far as some others and recognise Gilgamesh in the inn-sign of St. George and the Dragon! His 200 pages of Introduction and Commentaries are as attractive as they are instructive, and provide for the Epic a setting which will make the book a delightful acquisition to the library of the student of the Bible and of the Ancient East.

K. S.

Dictionary of Quotations

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. Oxford University Press. 1941. pp. xvii+879. 25 shillings.

In this present age, when advertisement means exaggeration run riot, the phrase "a book that cannot be left down until the last page is reached," has become a publisher's blurb meaning just nothing. So it is a pleasure to come across a book that really does live up to such a high claim. It is, in a way, a rueful pleasure. Many a reviewer, on going through this book, will greet with a sympathetic grin Sydney Smith's remark (p. 404*b*): "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so." But whether he likes it or not, he will find it very hard not to go on turning page after page here ("just one more page, and then I'll start writing") until he comes too soon to the index.

The dictionary has been made up by a board of editors working either separately or in committee in drawing up the lists of candidates. The final selections were in all cases passed by the board as "actual current quotations." This method had the advantage of excluding any personal liking or prejudice which might have resulted in too profuse a quoting from one author or the neglect of another. That the selection should meet with unanimous and unexceptioned approval would, as the board itself admits, be too much to hope for. People will look to find their own precious darlings and, with Rachel, will not be comforted because they are not. So I might as well get my complaint in.

I wish to remark that P. G. Wodehouse has been very badly treated —five quotations in all, and those inserted (almost apologetically) into the 'Addenda'. The compilers say that he is unquotable, that the charm of his style seems to depend on character and atmosphere, and then they throw him as a sop the conclusion: "Quotability is no real criterion of either popularity or merit" (p. xiv). Their conclusion may be true (though the list they give of most-quoted writers does not seem to bear it out), but I find it very hard to believe that their premisses are. Anyone who has ever read "P. G." knows that he teems with phrases and sayings that simply shout to be included in a work like this. Would it be possible that the compilers have

allowed themselves to be swayed by a passing wind of unpopularity in the case of this author ?

With that one exception (and with a few others, which are probably a matter of personal or national feelings), I find this an excellent piece of work. The compilers have indeed cast their nets far and wide. The sources range from the Bible to the music hall, from Shakespeare to the advertisement hoardings. (Significantly enough, while the stage, ancient and modern, provides many of the quotations, the screen has nowhere, as far as I could make out, been mentioned). Besides quotations from English and near-English writings, there are also a number of the more common Latin and Greek tags, with a sprinkling from Continental sources. The entries have been arranged in alphabetical order of authorship, an arrangement which, as Bernard Darwin says in an entertaining preface, makes for strange bedfellows at times. Lord Fisher's " Sack the lot ! " is followed by Albert H. Fitz's " You are my honey," and Mrs. Hemans' artless little verses are a prelude to the dismal stoicism of W. E. Henley's unconquerable soul.

And finally, the index, which occupies more than one third of the book, deserves a special word of praise. The value of a book like this depends, in a great measure, on the answer to the question : Can I find a quotation easily in it ? This index is fool-proof. Each line of verse or each prose quotation (but not the context when it is printed to ' place ' the quotation) is given at least two references, and many of them have more. So that, even if the reader has only a hazy idea of the quotation, he can easily nail it down provided he knows at least one of the more important words in it. The compilers allow themselves a quiet word of self-congratulation on the excellence of the index. I must confess to having had a mischievous wish to take them down a peg ; so, as my eye had already been caught by a misprint on the last page of the Latin index, I went over the last three pages of that index with a gimlet eye and found, to my gloomy satisfaction, no less than eight misprints in those pages. They are, it is true, very trifling and in no way interfere with the purpose of the index. Still one does not associate such careless proof-reading with the Oxford University Press.

I should not, in common decency, have ended on such a carping note when the book has given me so much pleasure in going through it—so much happiness in meeting old (and often long-forgotten) friends, so much delight in coming across new ones, and too, so much pleasant surprise in lighting on a gem in a very unlikely setting.

S. Ó C.

(*The list of books received has been unavoidably held over.*)

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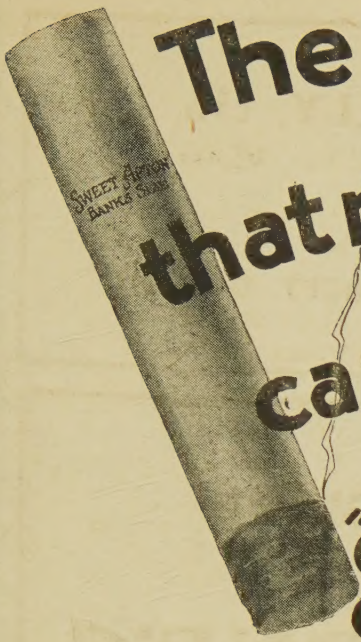

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